LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1891.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

Man's life is a'l a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.

DRYDEN.

IT will be remembered that Mr. Schofield and his nieces were on their way to the Grange, riding thither through the lanes, on a warm summer evening.

They had nearly reached their destination when another horseman, who had up to the last moment been hidden by hedges, suddenly emerged from a grass lane intersecting the main road; and as he drew rein, and politely checked himself in order to allow them to pass, they had a full view of a handsome face and figure, and, in particular, of a pair of curious eyes which unhesitatingly scanned all three, with an air of surprise that could bear but one interpretation.

'He is saying to himself, Who the deuce can those be?' murmured Monica to her sister, as soon as sufficient distance permitted the aside, 'and we are saying to ourselves, Who the deuce can he be? Bell, can that be the Dorrien boy, do you think?'

'That was Sir Arthur Dorrien's son,' observed her uncle, overhearing the last words. 'You mean that gentleman behind us YOL, XVII. NO. XCIX. now? That was Mr. Dorrien. He does not often come down to these parts. But I heard to-day that he was at Cullingdon. The old folks are growing feeble, I fancy; and he may be a more dutiful son than people say. For Cullingdon is a dreary spot, and there is never anything going on there. Sir Arthur looked very tottery the last time I saw him.'

'I did not know you knew them, uncle Schofield.'

'Neither I do. But I know them by sight. No, indeed, I don't know them. The Dorriens know nobody hereabouts—nobody, at least, that I do; they used to give great parties to the aristocracy and have all sorts of goings on, drinking and dicing——'

'Ah!' His auditors pricked up their ears.

'Ay, indeed-in Sir Arthur's young days---'

'Oh!—oh-h! Only in Sir Arthur's young days.' A perceptible fall in their accents.

'And now I gather that the family are looked a bit shy upon.'

'Are they?'

'A wild, spendthrift set. The last baronet, the one who built the racing stables, ran through the money like water. It had been scraped together by his predecessor, and had amounted to a very decent income when he came in for it-though a good deal of the land had gone, and could never be got back; but, however, there was still a fair entailed estate, and with a little care it might have been improved into a really valuable one. Then what must Sir Luke do-that was the last man-but send it flying. It was always either scrape or spend with them. Then, having pauperised the next heir, there would be a match made up with some heiress-but they never managed to get hold of the great heiresses somehow, I fancy they were too much blown upon,-and there would be inching and pinching to cut a dash and entertain the nobility up in London, while everything was going to rack and ruin at home. When Sir Arthur came into the property it was just about at its worst. He has done his best, poor body, to keep up appearances,-at least after his marriage and settling down; he was a wild enough scamp before that; but he had been married and sobered years before he came in for the title, and since then he has been of the scraping sort. He is as poor as Job however; he has scarcely a sixpence to bless himself with, and all the scraping in the world won't set him on his feet. The son-yon behind us,' continued Mr. Schofield, his broad, north-country dialect coming out markedly when he was led to be communicative and discursive, as on the present occasion, 'yon's his only son. He is an idle fellow, I'm told. That's his father's look-out. He should have set him to work when he was younger. But no Dorrien ever did a stroke of honest work in his life, and Sir Arthur is not the man to begin. People say there is only one thing left for the son to do, and that is to marry money. He is a good-looking fellow; he ought not to have much difficulty.'

Meantime the good-looking fellow trotted along behind.

'Is he coming in here?' inquired Isabel of her sister, in an undertone, as a turn in the drive which they had entered during the above dissertation disclosed the figures of horse and rider at the gate. 'Monica, what luck!'

Mr. Dorrien turned his horse's head and rode slowly in.

'Isn't it luck?' repeated Bell, in her sister's ear. 'We shall know all about it now: why they have never been near us, and if they ever mean to come, and all. And he will see us, and can tell his parents about us.'

'Dear me! I believe he is coming up to the house!' exclaimed her uncle, almost as she had done, he having not looked round before. 'That's a queer thing. What can be the meaning of that? Can he have mistaken the house, I wonder? Or—but no, I don't think they can know him.'

'I have heard Daisy speak of him,' quoth Isabel demurely.
'I think they do know him, uncle.'

Mr. Schofield dismounted and rang the bell.

'Ay, he is coming here,' he repeated, eyeing the approaching stranger from the doorstep. 'Sure enough, he is coming. He is keeping his horse at a walk to let us be out of the way. Well, we shall be out of the way directly. Are you going in? Or, will you sit still in your saddles, while I send for the girls? Or—what shall we do?' Mr. Dorrien was drawing nearer, and he felt slightly fluttered.

'Go in, certainly,' replied Isabel, with delightful promptness. 'Help me down, uncle, please. Oh, I think we must certainly go in!' and she sprang lightly to the ground, and ran up the steps poising her shapely figure for a moment on the topmost, to take another glance at the interesting person in the background. Then 'Come, Monica,' as Monica was down and up likewise; 'come and find Mrs. Schofield;' and in ran the two, leaving their unfortunate elderly escort to the mercy of—somebody who was at his elbow the next half-minute.

'Mr. Schofield, I am sure,' exclaimed a frank voice, whose perfect ease contrasted ludicrously even to Mr. Joseph Schofield's

own perception, with the obvious discomfort of the feelings it excited within his breast. 'Let me hold one of your horses, may I? Three are too many; and they are always rather long in bringing round a man at this house.'

'Thank you. Oh, I-I can manage. They'll stand quiet

enough. Thank you-thank you,' nervously.

'Pretty creatures, they are. What a capital match those two are! It is a treat to see good horses anywhere in this neighbour-

hood. Pray do not look at mine,' with a frank laugh.

'Oh, dear me, I am sure—yes, I chose them myself. I—I fancied getting them a match.' For the life of him Mr. Schofield could not overcome a certain breathlessness and tremor. We have said that he was not a shy man, that among his own friends and associates he could be sociable and easy; he had almost at once surmounted the awkwardness of meeting two elegant young London beauties, and had been able to assume towards them the proper air of a relation and a host; but the long-standing, deeply-rooted awe of the Dorrien blood which had been born in him, bred in him, nurtured and fostered in him by every association and tradition, was not to be eradicated without a struggle.

All his life he had seen Sir Arthur get in and out of railway carriages, and had never dared to enter the same compartment. He had encountered him on the pavement, or on the road, and had stepped aside. To read in the papers that Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien had arrived at or had departed from Cullingdon had been always a matter of profound interest. Their names figuring at any county festivities had been duly noted. Even to see their coach pass, or their liveried servants ride by, had been something.

All of which you will understand of course, dear reader, was perfectly compatible with Mr. Schofield's calling the family a wild, spendthrift set, and being sure that the present baronet had scarce a sixpence wherewith to bless himself. Your self-made man scorns and scoffs at old escutcheons in tatters; he sees nothing fine in having a handle to a name that is frayed at both edges—but he steps off the pavement all the same. He feels a tingle in his cheek when he is politely accosted by the brisk tones of the unconscious Sir Launcelot, or Sir Giles. He wonders if he says the proper thing? He wonders if he should take off his hat, or not? He is eager to be agreeable; still more anxious to be correct. Hopes he is not making a bad impression. Hopes—devoutly hopes—that someone has seen the honour done him; finally goes

away with a glow at his heart. The next time the ruined grandees are referred to in his presence he is singularly mild, and merely observes that they have been unfortunate, and that it is a sad pity

to see so fine a family going to the dogs.

Mr. Schofield, who had been by no means behindhand with his very plain opinion while Harry Dorrien was out of earshot, trotting behind, experienced a meekness and uneasiness when brought face to face with the friendly young horseman, which was inexplicable from any other cause than that above suggested. He did not cringe, but his soul was troubled. He thought he ought not to have been so basely deserted. He looked about piteously for aid. The sound of footsteps hurrying round the corner of the house, and the emergence of a groom from the laurel bushes, gave him a sense of relief, which was intensified by the disappearance of the young man in company with the groom, and the 'Kindly tell Mrs. Schofield I shall be in directly,' with which he was charged. Evidently Mr. Dorrien knew Mrs. Schofield; evidently he was at home about the place. He had gone off leading his own horse, and Monica's.

'Here he comes—and leading Brown Eyes.' It was Monica's amused voice which announced the discovery. She had found Daisy alone in the shrubbery, the drawing-room being empty, and was proceeding with her in search of the others—Isabel having voted the lawn a more likely spot—when the two came face to

face with the stable party.

Monica was looking her best, her brilliant best. Harry Dorrien glanced at her, and turned on his heel. 'I say, send somebody to take these horses, will you?' he called after the groom in front, and turned again and stood still. Daisy shook hands and presented him.

'My father and mother have been greatly disappointed that they have been unable to call upon you before, Miss Lavenham,' said Mr. Dorrien. 'My mother has been unwell, and my father particularly busy.'

Miss Lavenham replied suitably. Now she was glad to have come. The Dorriens had not then meant to slight her and

Isabel.

'It is a long way, of course,' proceeded the new comer (he was by no means so young as she had supposed, was another discovery), 'but it would be nothing if my mother were stronger. She is getting old now, and can't stand much, that's the fact. However, I—I know she means to make the effort.'

'Pray beg her not. If she would allow us to go over and see her, my sister and I should be so glad. Colonel Lavenham told us that Sir Arthur was good enough to say something about it, but we knew Lady Dorrien was delicate' (fie, Monica!), 'and that she would very likely be unable to drive so far. We really did not expect her' (fie, fie!). 'Do you think she would allow us to ride over to Cullingdon instead?'

'She would be immensely pleased if you would.'

The two were on in front, Monica on the path, Dorrien on the narrow grass edge by her side, dodging the rose-trees, and keeping step, in spite of every obstacle. Perforce, neglected Daisy had to follow alone.

'May I come over and show you the way?' suggested he next.

'Oh, I dare say we should find the way easily, thank you. My uncle has shown us Cullingdon already. We ride with him at present,' replied Miss Lavenham, with a quiet little note that conveyed its own rebuff. 'And our groom also knows the way, if my

uncle should be unable to spare the time,' she added.

'Awfully glad if he could though, of course. My father hardly ever sees anyone. We don't know what to do with ourselves down here. That is why Mrs. Schofield is so good in letting me come over to her house,' with a sudden impression of a blank countenance in the background. 'Your mother is charitable to me, is she not?' addressing Daisy with a certain familiarity of accent which was not lost upon Daisy's cousin. 'I go nowhere else—just about here. I don't know another soul for miles round. I often wonder who lives in all the houses, and what sort they are.'

'We live in one,' said Monica, in rather a low voice. 'And we know the people who live in the others. Mr. Dorrien, my sister and I have had a kind home made for us by our mother's only

brother, and--'

'I made Mr. Schofield's acquaintance at the house just now. I was so glad to do it, for I had known him by sight all my life. But these Liverpool swells are such big men, that they won't know us poor——' then he caught Monica's eye, and stopped in confusion. He saw that she not only understood, but half sympathised with, and then revolted from his irony. He perceived that he was not addressing a simple girl brought up among her own people, but a woman of the world, young in years it is true, but not ignorant of that lore in which he and his were steeped; and instantly he was on guard.

'Miss Schofield, if your mother is in the drawing-room, do you think she would give me a cup of tea?'

'Certainly,' said Daisy, rather astonished as he stood back to let her pass. Why should she pass? Why should they not all three go in together, as would have seemed the natural mode of procedure? But Mr. Dorrien's air said 'Precede us, if you please,' and accordingly she led the way as they emerged from the shrubbery.

Dorrien stopped, and bent his head to inhale the fragrance of a rose-tree hard by. 'Miss Lavenham,' he murmured. Monica looked round. He was standing still; so she had also to stand still. 'I did not mean to express one syllable of contempt towards your uncle. I—we Dorriens are bitterly jealous and envious of these rich men, as you can guess; and when you checked me just now——'

'I beg your pardon,' said Monica haughtily.

'You did, by your glance. You meant to say you would not permit a word against your family.'

'I did-I do mean it.'

'Will you not believe me? I am so far from wishing to undervalue it, or any single member of it, that I—I—I—'(inwardly—'Shall I say that I hope to enter it?' A voice within thundered 'No.' He stopped almost aghast at the 'No.' It had echoed through every fibre of his being.)

'We need not discuss the point,' said Miss Lavenham, with a heightened colour. 'Until now, as perhaps you know, until a month ago, neither my sister nor I knew anything of our Liverpool relations. We had supposed our home was to be always with Colonel and Mrs. Lavenham. But on the change in their plans, we were sent' (she set her teeth) 'here. They sent us, do you understand? We had no option but to come. But since we have come, we have met with such kindness as we could not have dreamed of, could not have believed in. Mr. Schofield is never tired of thinking of new things to please us; and we give him trouble; we put him out of his way; we alter his arrangements' (on a sudden she recognised all this that had been vaguely present to her view heretofore), 'and he neither looks upon us as burdens, nor as encumbrances. He is the best, the kindest—I cannot bear to hear him——' She broke off short.

——'By Heaven! you shall never hear him spoken one word against by me! Anyone who is kind to you——' His voice was almost in her ear, his eyes were saying all manner of things.

'And here is Mr. Dorrien at last! And Monica, too, I declare. Well, I thought we should never find you. Well, I told Isabel that I would come this way, and she might go that way. You took the wrong path. You should have turned off at that corner, for the house. Where's your uncle, Monica?'

Nobody seemed to know where Mr. Schofield was. Everybody had been at cross purposes, it seemed; and everybody seemed more or less disturbed thereby. Monica alone said nothing. There was a bright flush on her cheek. Presently she sat down on the terrace, asking not to enter the warm, crowded drawing-room; and Mr. Dorrien brought her her tea, and lingered longer than he need have done over the little service. His cheek was flushed also, and he was rather hurried and incoherent as he laughed and jested with Daisy subsequently, when he would pour out the hot water from the urn, and poured it all into the tray, and insisted on collecting the cups, even from the party on the terrace—though she assured him the servants would attend to that afterwards—and finally found the room so hot, so dreadfully, steamily hot and overpowering, that he asked if she would not like to leave her duties and come outside into a purer atmosphere?

She went, of course.

Mr. Dorrien was very attentive after that. He lay on the grass in front of the group, and talked to Daisy, inquiring after her successes in this contest and that—the croquet-match, the water-colour competition, the village flower-show. He presumed that Miss Schofield liked these sort of inquiries, and that style of conversation. Mrs. Schofield beamed benignly by, and the younger ones ran in and out, and tripped each other up, without let or hindrance from her.

As for Monica, she found the evening pleasant. It was all folly of course. It was perfectly absurd her disliking to talk it over with Isabel, and declining to know anything about Mr. Dorrien when interrogated by her uncle. Mr. Schofield thought all had gone off to admiration, and was unfeignedly rejoiced at the prospect of an entrance to Cullingdon Manor having been effected for his nieces in so easy a manner. If he had known before that Colonel Lavenham had any acquaintance with Sir Arthur—but anyway, he could hardly have tackled Sir Arthur; and the young ladies could not certainly have tackled Lady Dorrien until her ladyship had given some sign. Had they not expected her to call?

They owned they had.

But she had not done so?

No.

Ah, well, Mr. Schofield could fancy he understood the why and the wherefore of that. It was because they had come to live under his roof. The Dorriens had always held themselves aloof from the mercantile community; -but here both Monica and Isabel raised their protest. It was not that at all. Mr. Dorrien had assured them it was not so. Mr. Dorrien-then Monica's voice died away, and Isabel alone proceeded fluently. Mr. Dorrien had made it all right. His mother had been most anxious to drive over, but she had been unwell; the heat of the past month had tried her much, and her doctor had forbidden exertion of any kind. She had not ventured on the long drive. Her spokesman had vouched for her, and he had had it all out with Isabel, who had been much more amenable on the subject than had her prouder and quicker sister. Although by no means a fool, she had naturally believed what she wished to believe, and the young man, we may just add, had been rather more careful in his expressions when discussing the matter for the second than for the first time. He had taken his cue, and would not offend again.

In consequence, Bell had found him delightful. Quite their own sort, as she subsequently averred. He knew the Bathursts and the Frenches, and some of the Alverstokes, cousins of their Alverstokes, and numbers of other people, all their own sort of people, and had wondered how he had never met themselves; though to be sure he had been abroad all the former summer, and had only gone up this year in time for the last six weeks of the season, at the beginning of July, he said; which must have been about the very time they had left ;-and so on, Isabel wondered a little why Monica was not and so on. more interested, did not wake up more to the subject. She had hardly spoken during all the ride home. What was it? Was Monica tired? Or cross? Or was there anything—? And here the speaker stopped short, wondering like a puzzled child whether there were anything she had done which she ought not to have done, as to which her Mentor were now nursing wrath in store. No; Monica smiled, and then laughed outright at the supposition. She was in spirits to laugh? Then all was right.

But was it not odd—odd, and curious, and a neat thing altogether? Catching the young man they wanted at the very right moment! Now, they could go over to Cullingdon. Now

Lady Dorrien would see them, and perhaps take a fancy to them, and ask them to her balls. What? Did she never give balls? Oh dear, how stupid! Did she give dinner parties, shooting parties? Monica did not know. Well, at any rate they should soon find out; and Mr. Dorrien's last words had been that his mother would expect them, and that he would look out for them.

And still Monica only went on smilingly putting off her clothes; and still she scarcely seemed to notice her sister's babble.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR ARTHUR DORRIEN'S WISDOM.

What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.—POPE.

'And so you fell in with the Lavenham girls? And they were over visiting the Schofield girls? Over for the evening? Quite in a friendly, cousinly way, all one family, running in and out, hey?' Sir Arthur Dorrien was the speaker, and his tone betokened high good humour. He was almost always in good humour at this period. 'Well, well, Lavenhams or Schofields, I fancy it does not much matter, Harry, my boy. Deuced good family the Lavenhams, and if they could intermarry with the Schofields, eh? We must have those Lavenham girls over here; I gave my word to their uncle I should; and your mother must call.'

'What do you say to calling this afternoon, ma'am?' Mr. Dorrien turned to her, for the trio were assembled in her morning room, and it was the day after the events narrated in the last chapter. 'I as good as said you would. In fact I would have said anything, I felt so uncommonly awkward. Evidently you

had been expected before now.'

'And if we are to make any way with the Schofields,' proceeded Sir Arthur, rubbing his pale hands together, and looking delighted significance, 'we must not neglect the collateral branches. Always secure your outposts, Harry, before you advance upon the citadel. Uncle Joe and his pair of thoroughbreds must be secured.'

'Dear me, what am I to do?' demanded Lady Dorrien, feebly. 'What does Harry say they had expected me to do?

You talk in such riddles, Sir Arthur, that really if I am to do

anything--'

'Nay, no "ifs," my lady. You have got to do as you are bid, Lady Dorrien,' and there was a slight snap of the speaker's teeth. 'No fooling at this juncture. Harry knows he can't afford fooling. Tell her what is wanted, Harry, and I'll see that she does it. Is she to drive over to uncle Joseph Schofield's to-day?'

'That's about it. To-day would be a good day.'

'No time like the present, eh? But what about the other folks? How will they like the Lavenhams to have the preference? And Joseph's house is further off, besides.'

'I suppose my mother must do both,' conceded Mr. Dorrien, after a momentary hesitation. 'As you say, sir, it wouldn't do to square the one set without the other. She must go to the Grange first,' and he paused to consider; 'yes, to the Grange first; they are sure to be out if she goes tolerably early.'

'Don't want them to be at home, eh?'

'No.'

'Tolerably frank, Harry.'

'It is best to be frank, sir. I don't fancy my mother and Mrs. Schofield are likely to appreciate each other; consequently they need not meet too soon. They need never meet often. Mrs. Schofield will be far better pleased to find our cards on her hall table, than ourselves in her drawing-room.'

'Oh, you are going with me?' Lady Dorrien looked relieved.
'Oh, if you will go with me,' she proceeded, 'I shall not mind it half so much. But really you know, Harry, I never do know what to say to these sort of people, and I am so dreadfully afraid of them.'

'You will not need to know what to say to Mrs. Schofield,

ma'am,' drily. 'She will soon inform you.'

'Voluble, hey?' interposed his father jocularly. 'Well, come, that's a vast deal better than being a dummy. A dummy is the most damnable thing in creation,' glancing at his wife. 'When you can't get a word or an idea out of a woman, it is enough to grill your gizzard. Give me a good-humoured, accommodating creature—.'

'Tchah! tchah! You mustn't call her "the widow Schofield," my boy. You must be respectful, Harry, respectful; yes, by Jove, and careful, and cautious, and all that; we must all rub up our manners, and our wits. D'ye hear that, my lady?' his intonation again becoming tinged with acrimony; 'none of your airs and

graces; none of your confounded hauteur and all that exploded trash, just now. Down on your knees to these people if need be-

'If you will excuse my interrupting you, sir, I don't imagine the knee business would do the trick in this case. Our new friends will think all the more of my mother if she keeps erect, provided only she appears upon the scene at all. All she has to do--'

- 'Yes, indeed, if Harry will only tell me what to do,' protested the poor bewildered Lady Dorrien, whom in truth her husband had no need to browbeat, for she was, and had ever been, a mere puppet in his hands. 'I am sure I will do anything,' she

murmured, looking from one to the other.

'Why, of course.' Sir Arthur was not to be silenced by acquiescence, which he would have stigmatised as next door to dummyism. 'Of course. If you were not willing to do anything in this matter, you would be an out-and-out idiot. Here's your only son---'

- 'Well, well, sir; my mother understands.' Mr. Dorrien hated family scenes. 'She will go and make herself agreeable to Mrs. Schofield and her family, if she finds them at home; and if they are out, so much the better. We will then go on to Mr. Joseph Schofield's,' proceeded the young man in a brisker tone, 'and I fancy we shall be obliged to put up the horses there, for an hour or so. It would be as well, don't you think? Ten miles each way in this weather—and they are not what you can call in first-rate condition, not so robust as they might be-had they not better put up, if they get the chance?"

'By all means, and have a good feed too, if they get the chance,' and Sir Arthur cackled and nodded. 'A few of old Joe's oats will be a dainty to which they are not accustomed, and one that will send them spinning home. I say Harry, Harry,'-as if with a sudden thought, 'if-supposing, you know-if by any chance anything should turn out wrong-I mean if-it's just as well to have two strings to one's bow, eh?-hum-ha-d'ye see,

Harry?'

'I don't take you, sir,-at least-' and, with a look that instantly showed he did 'take' Sir Arthur, the speaker broke off

abruptly.

The old man toddled round the room, and laid his hand on his son's shoulder. 'Keep in with them both,' he whispered; 'for God's sake, don't let the Schofield money slip through our fingers.

one way or the other! What are these Lavenham girls? Wouldn't one of them do if,—eh?—supposing,—eh? But, to be sure, you know your way, my boy—you know what you are about. And the other's is money down—money down, by Jove! Money in prospect is all very well! and the Lavenhams are as good as ourselves any day; but old Joe is only an uncle, and he's a fool who trusts in uncles. "Put not your trust in uncles," eh, Harry? No, by Jove, no! But all the same, my boy, it might be as well, d'ye see? There's no harm in a reserve force. Something to fall back upon, in case of accidents! If you see your way to being friendly—friendly, and—and attentive to either of old Schofield's nieces, why—but, in Heaven's name, be cautious, my dear boy! Run no risks; and make sure of your bargain, one way or the other. If you don't——' and the feeble fingers clutched the shoulder they pressed with a grip that carried its own inference.

('Confound you, the devil didn't need to send you to tempt me!' was the young man's internal response.) 'All right, sir, I'll take your advice,' he replied aloud. 'I fancy we think pretty much alike. So now to business. Will you order the carriage, or shall I? It must come round directly after luncheon.'

Directly after luncheon the mother and son set out.

Wrapped in their own thoughts, the miles along the hot, dusty lanes seemed to each to pass quickly enough; and it was with almost a start that Lady Dorrien found herself turning in at the lodge gates of the Grange.

'What a nice, fresh, well-cared-for-looking place!' exclaimed she, with instant and intuitive recognition of the contrast presented to Cullingdon. 'What beautiful turf, and shrubs, and flowers! Harry, these must be rich people. Even the very gate-posts—'

Her son laughed.

'The Schofields are what you would call "rich people," I suppose, ma'am,' he said, 'but it is not all this trimness and neatness which would proclaim them so, if you knew it. It is simply a matter of opinion whether you will spend your money on London houses, and travelling, and sport, and one thing and another, or on making your own place tidy. Liverpool people prefer the latter. You won't see a tumble-down cottage nor an overgrown plantation belonging to one of them. Their gardeners get enormous wages. They have all the latest inventions. Their houses are so well appointed within and without, that they make you discontented with every other house you go to. In short,

they understand the meaning of the word 'comfort,' and act upon it.'

Poor Lady Dorrien sighed. 'I wish we did-I wish we could.

But, Harry——'

'Hush! Here we are!' said he, as they stopped at the front door.

'Dear me! Already? Why, they are almost on the highroad!' cried his mother, envy vanishing. 'Dear me, I should not like that!' and she looked around her in much the same manner as Miss Lavenham had looked on her first arrival at Flodden Hall. To her, as to Monica, 'a mere villa' was distasteful.

The ladies were not at home; and as Mr. Dorrien gravely produced his card case, and mounted guard over his mother's till she had drawn forth the required number, no emotion of any sort could be discovered on his countenance.

The maid, a tall, spruce girl, stood still upon the steps, whilst the footman awaited further orders.

'Had we not better ask her to direct us to the other house?'
murmured Lady Dorrien. 'I really have no idea where it is, no
more have the men. We may be wandering about for hours.'

He gave her a look.

'Drive to the nearest post-office,' he said to the coachman.

'It may be miles away,' protested his mother.

'It is not. There is a village within half a mile, and there we can get full directions. It is far better to trust to a post-office direction than to anything a maid-servant may choose to

say. Goodness knows where she might send us!'

But Sir Arthur would have guessed that another motive was at work, and Sir Arthur would have been right. Daisy Schofield's suitor did not care to proclaim upon the house-tops that he was about to call on Daisy's other relations. He had a curious sensation of being on a contraband expedition, as he found himself being swiftly borne along between the sweet-smelling hedgerows, over which waxen honeysuckles were sprawling now in unfettered luxuriance; he had a secret exultation in his veins, a throb of expectancy and excitement in his pulses.

Daisy Schofield was to be his lot, of course; he had not the very faintest, not the remotest intention of throwing Daisy over, of letting slip the rope which Providence had held out to save him from going to the dogs altogether, as regarded his finances. Immediate funds were absolutely indispensable not only to him as the heir, but to him as himself, since he, Dorrien, owed

already four or five thousand pounds—a mere trifle of course, but a trifle which he might as well think of paying as if it had been ten times the sum, for all the prospect he had of doing so,—and only the possession of a fortune down on the nail (observe this was before the days of the Married Woman's Property Act was passed) could be of any real, immediate use. Wherefore Daisy Schofield's seventy-five thousand, which, by the way, must, he considered, now have run up at compound interest to something like eighty-five thousand pounds,—she having been a minor for over four years since the death of her grandfather,—would be the making of him; while Daisy herself was a jolly little girl, who would not get to loggerheads with anybody, and who would do well enough in society, once she were detached from her present surroundings.

His plans being thus fixed and settled, it could do no manner of harm to go over and call on the cousins of his future bride. Miss Lavenham was the right sort of girl to know. Like himself she was doubtless down in these parts on business. She had her market to make; and probably had the sense to understand she must make it quickly. Of course she and her sister might be there to come round their rich bachelor uncle, and the rich bachelor uncle might be come round by them-but, and young Dorrien shook his head. Old Joseph might marry, and then, phew! away with the whole castle in the air! Old Joseph was only a man of fifty-five, he was by no means to be depended upon; nor did he imagine that Monica Lavenham on her part was the person to depend upon anyone. No, poor thing! She had been tripped up once-nay, twice; neither her own father nor her father's brother had provided for her and her sister, and the probability was that she was by this time shrewd enough to look below the surface.

'There will be a similarity between our positions which ought to be the basis of a friendship,' quoth Dorrien to himself. 'We shall each be so perfectly cognisant of the limited range of any flirtation between us, that we shall feel a delicious sense of safety. No fear of me—no fear of her. We shall suit each other down to the ground. That was very good advice which you proffered just now, my dear father; I shall be but filial and dutiful if I act upon it. Oh, dear me, yes; I quite "see my way to being friendly and attentive," as you so prettily worded it. "Friendly" when Daisy is by—"attentive" when she is not. Then as for the other Lavenham girl, she must be squared too; I can't have her telling tales. I—' But his reflections were cut short by finding himself turning in at the lodge gates of Flodden Hall.

'Another pretty, bright abode,' murmured Lady Dorrien, afresh enamoured of smooth turf and well-swept gravel. 'What a blaze of flowers! What—oh, dear me! at the door already! Oh, this is really worse than the other! Why, Harry, what is the meaning of it? Why cannot these people live in decent seclusion? They seem to have taste, but——'

She was interrupted by an expression of vexation on the part of her auditor. His eye had caught sight of another equipage, whose owner was the last person he desired to find within, on the

present occasion.

Bending forward, he spoke in a quick, clear, significant tone:

'I am afraid, ma'am, we shall not find the Miss Lavenhams alone. The Schofields are with them; I see their carriage standing under the trees yonder. Now, ma'am, do your best,' emphatically. 'Be civil to all, and, for Heaven's sake, don't show that the *rencontre* is unfortunate!' He had but just time to conclude ere the footman threw down the carriage steps. The young ladies were at home.

As ill luck would have it, the young ladies were very much at home, it having happened that some other relations of Mr. Schofield's, as well as the party from the Grange, had come by appointment to five o'clock tea that very afternoon; and having now given up all idea of Lady Dorrien's calling for the present since Monica and Isabel had alike understood that this formality was to be dispensed with, and that instead they were to ride over to Cullingdon, on receipt of an invitation of some sort—the sisters had resigned themselves cheerfully to the inevitable, and were even having some amusement out of the affair. The new Schofielders and the old Schofielders, as Monica termed them, were on the terms that different branches shooting from the same family stem very often are-namely, that of very elaborate civility and oppressive politeness, while under the mask of affection there lurked ill-concealed rivalry and dislike. Each party endeavoured to seem more at home than the other upon the neutral ground on which they now met, and to know more than the other of Joseph Schofield's manner and mode of life. The one was eager to propitiate, the other to claim, the Lavenhams. Mrs. George Schofield had the pull of earlier knowledge, of having entertained the young cousins at her own house, and of being able to say 'Monica' and 'Isabel.' On the other hand, Mrs. Palmer had known the girls' mother, had been at school with her, and could recall her as 'dear Mary.' With 'dear Mary' the rival matron could not cope, even though neither daughter could recollect to have ever heard any mention of a 'dear Florence.' Each mamma had brought a daughter, and the daughters sat on opposite sides of the room; the very lap-dogs, brought in the rival equipages, would have nothing to say to one another.

Altogether it was not bad fun, for anyone in the humour for fun; and the Miss Lavenhams were, as it happened, in that The Dorrien difficulty had been disposed of, Isabel's anxiety had been pacified and Monica had, as we have said, passed a pleasant evening. Each felt she could afford to smirk and chat, and keep the peace, whilst the Schofields glared on one another. Monica laughed outright when something more than usually incisive was said. Bell placidly sipped her tea, and looked out of the window, mentally wondering where they should go for their evening ride, and how soon the invitation from Cullingdon would come? Mrs. George Schofield's warm, glossy face and Mrs. Palmer's pinched-up lips amused both the sisters; and Monica was in the act of thinking how much of the secret entertainment she had derived from the scene might be retailed to her uncle, and how much she had better affect to have let pass unobserved, when a horrified start from Isabel caused her, in common with the rest of the party, to turn her eyes towards the windows, through which at the same moment came the sound of horses' feet trampling on the gravel of the drive.

The sound ceased; but there succeeded a champing of bits and a peal of door-bells, while through the broad expanse of the open casement there could be distinguished by those in the bow window, among whom was Monica, a pair of horses, whose harness glittered with silver, and a cockaded coachman, whose livery could belong to none other than Sir Arthur Dorrien. The carriage was not visible, but it was not needed.

The Miss Lavenhams involuntarily exchanged glances. 'Undone' was instantly perceptible on each face. Then Monica rose.

'I believe that is Lady Dorrien,' she said, calmly. 'If it is, will you excuse my going to sit by her near the door? She is an old lady, and—and deaf, and might be confused by so many.' And she passed into the small outer recess into which the door opened.

When Lady Dorrien should be ushered in, she would thus, Miss Lavenham fondly hoped, find herself saved from half the horrors of the scene.

But Lady Dorrien had not come to be thus saved.

VOL. XVII. NO. XCIX.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY DORRIEN SETS EVERYONE AT EASE.

Good manners is the art of making those easy with whom we conver SWIFT.

NOTHING indeed was further from Lady Dorrien's thoughts.

To evade aught that was disagreeable or unpalatable in the business she had in hand, was not to be thought of. She had Sir Arthur's 'Down on your knees before these people' still ringing in her ears; while her son's later mandate, 'For Heaven's sake, don't show that the *rencontre* is unfortunate,' had been issued with a vehemence which had nearly shot her out of the carriage.

Constitutionally of a shy and nervous disposition, the seclusion in which she habitually lived, joined to the dominion of a selfish, tyrannical spouse, had by degrees scared away the few

wits she might originally have possessed.

What Sir Arthur had in his mind at the present time he had, however, been at pains to make very plain to her, being fully aware that her implicit, prompt, and intelligent obedience was necessary in the matter. In matrimonial affairs the women of the family must always come to the front, be they what they may; and of this both the baronet and his son were aware. It would be no use to tell their female representative to do this and to do that—'doing' was not what was wanted. 'By Jove! my lady must come down from her high horse, and be one of themselves, that's what she must,' Sir Arthur had cried. He had not minced matters, caring not one whit how mean, how despicable, how sordid was the scheme laid bare. In the same breath he had sneered at the very people before whom his wife had been bidden to cringe, while the very son, whose interests he was affecting to serve, he had avowed was to be distrusted and taken precautions against.

This was, and ever had been, Sir Arthur Dorrien's policy. He loved no human being but himself; his son had been to him his heir, his wife had been his slave. Since both could now serve him, he began to feel an interest in them; heretofore they had

been regarded with indifference pure and simple.

On one solitary occasion had the parent's soul been stirred within his breast. His son had asked for money; the father had no money to give. Might the boy then be put in the way of seeking

his own fortune? Might he learn a profession, a trade—anything? His father had bidden him go to the devil. This had happened years before; the subject had never been mooted between them since.

Eventually a commission had been given young Dorrien in a smart regiment, and he had managed by the usual methods of graceless youth to subsist, and even to cut some sort of figure in it for a time; he had been tolerably lucky, and had rubbed along, according to himself. But at the period when he makes his appearance in these pages, Harry Dorrien had had enough of such a life; things had gone cross, he had been unable to keep up appearances, and had been obliged to leave his regiment, with an ugly rumour of debt hanging over him. He had not known what to do, nor which way to turn; and Sir Arthur's counsels, briefly and concisely uttered, had recurred to his memory. Matrimony was his only chance. Wealth must be obtained somehow; if not wealth, at any rate the wherewithal to pay his liabilities and keep him afloat. As for looking about to pick and choose, that was nonsense. The heiresses with whom he was acquainted were for bigger men. He must take what he could get.

And, besides, there had been no time to lose. His creditors had begun to be pressing. He had assured them vaguely, though positively, that their claims were about to be quickly settled, after the usual fashion to which the destitute of his class resort; but the satisfaction given by such promises had not been all he could have wished.

At that precise juncture he had met Daisy Schofield, and the sky had cleared as if by magic. He had almost grown happy beneath the new state of things at Cullingdon. He and his father had absolutely become friends; he had even elicited a spark of affection from his mother. This was a great deal. Hitherto Lady Dorrien had cared only to please her husband. In her eyes Sir Arthur was not a bully, a tyrant, a base, cold-hearted mockery of a husband—he was simply a master whom it was her business to please, whose purposes it was her duty to carry out, and whose humours it was her principal effort in life to comprehend.

'She is such a fool,' he would mutter to himself, if anything went awry.

But at other times the two would jog along with average serenity; and of late, since the Schofield campaign had been set afoot, Sir Arthur had been almost gracious. The thought of having a few pounds in his purse, at least in the family purse, was like dew falling on his withered flesh. In the plenitude of his satisfaction, he had refrained from gibes and jeers, except when by force of habit these would escape involuntarily, and would be heard with equanimity, so new a state of affairs arousing even her indolent ladyship to a state of feeling akin to joyfulness.

She now ascended the villa doorsteps, betwixt double rows of dropping geraniums and richly-coloured begonias, crossed the shady entrance-hall, and entered the drawing-room in which the party was assembled, conscious only of one desire, namely to bear

her part as became her.

Her son followed with more mingled feelings. It was a disappointment, as well as an annoyance, to find that he must be again upon his guard. He had hoped to have found the Miss Lavenhams alone—to have had one Miss Lavenham, the Miss Lavenham, to himself. On the previous evening the presence of others, but more especially of the very person on earth before whom restraint was most necessary, had fettered and restricted him. He had hardly allowed himself to do more than look at Monica, or listen when she spoke. Now and then he had replied to her; but he had scarcely ever addressed to her an opening remark.

But he had pictured a different scene on a different stage. He had imagined Lady Dorrien easily disposed of in the company of the amiable and accommodating sister—the sister who would easily perceive, if she had not already perceived, his admiration and its object—and himself left free to pass the hour where he would. An hour? He had considered that an hour would not be too long for a call, to make which such a long distance had been traversed. It would be easy to offer laughing apologies for its length: Lady Dorrien would murmur something about the horses; Miss Lavenham would rejoin with disclaimers; he would himself strike in with a new topic of conversation. It had come to this, that he had never dreamed of mishap, nor disaster; and he was accordingly chagrined, almost beyond the power of concealment, on finding he had reckoned without his host, in this case converted into two hostesses.

The first sight of the circle, however, was reassuring.

Next to a solitude \hat{a} deux, he infinitely preferred numbers: here were six ladies; and six ladies were at all events an improvement upon four.

'I am such an invalid, my dear Miss Lavenham.' It was Lady Dorrien's understood *rôle* to be an invalid on the present occasion. 'My son would tell you so. I am seldom able for

long drives; and the heat has been so great. Is this your sister? Your aunt did tell me we were to be neighbours, but she did not know what being neighbours in Lancashire means. I am never in this part; that is to say, I never have been until now; but I hope in the future '—with a meaning smile—' to know it better.'

All went off well. Her ladyship's manner was perfection. In reality, she was no more of an invalid than any woman without an inch of elasticity, or a spark of energy, can make herself by habitual indulgence in doing nothing and going nowhere; and the heat, which was simply brilliant summer sunshine, had not prevented her taking her daily drive. Mais que voulez-vous? The good intention was apparent, and it was with the intention alone that the recipients of Lady Dorrien's diplomacy had anything to do. The pretty speech made, she sank into a corner of the sofa, whereon Mrs. George Schofield's ample form had up to the present moment reclined, and before which that worthy dame now stood, the picture of quivering uncertainty and indecision.

'Tiresome woman! not to stop where I told her,' muttered Monica, who had, as we know, vainly attempted to stay Lady Dorrien's footsteps beneath the far recess. 'I could have sheltered her there. Here, I can do nothing. Things must take their course.'

She would not, however, assist that course. Dorrien was engaged with pretty Daisy; pretty Daisy was smiling up at him, and he was smiling down at her,—the position was perfectly understood by Miss Lavenham.

'That was not what brought Mr. Dorrien here, however,' she said to herself, with a smile of another sort.

And if Mr. Dorrien wished to make his mother acquainted with Daisy's mother, he would have to perform the little ceremony himself, was the next consideration.

In a few minutes it appeared that Dorrien did so choose. Mrs. Schofield being present, and cards having been left at the Grange within the hour, he could do none otherwise than as he did. He came up to the one lady with an outstretched hand, and presented her to the other with a grace that did him credit.

Lady Dorrien bent like a graceful reed, Mrs. Schofield as gracefully as bulk and busks would permit. Each had a tea-cup in her hand, and a piece of cake between her fingers.

'I am sure—' began Daisy's fond mamma,—clang went her spoon upon the floor. 'Oh, never mind'—making a lunge forward which upset the cup into her lap. 'Dear me! I am sure

I—— Pray excuse me, Lady Dorrien,'—growing more and more confused and fluttered. 'Such clumsiness! And where is my handkerchief gone?' her ample arm going round in search of it. 'Monica, dear, just lend me yours, will you? Oh, really, Mr. Dorrien, I am ashamed'—as he dutifully went down upon his knees—'to give you all this trouble! And tea is not so bad as coffee, neither. There, that will do nicely,' fanning her heated cheeks with the handkerchief which had been found too late. 'No, I will not have any more, thank you. Daisy here knows I never take but the one cup. Do I, Daisy? It was only to keep going,' in an audible whisper.

The truth was that she had been glad of any sort of occupation in the tumult of excitement caused by the new arrival, and had accepted a second supply of everything rather than have been

compelled to sit with her hands before her.

Lady Dorrien, however, with the tact of a well-bred woman,

soon made hands and all forgotten.

'We have just been to the Grange,' she murmured sweetly; and having been so unfortunate as to find you and your daughter out, we are doubly happy in this meeting. Harry, will you also

present me to Miss Schofield?'

Miss Schofield was presented to her. I doubt if Mr. Dorrien enjoyed the ceremony. He had listened in perfect silence to the apologies of his proposed mother-in-law, and he was now equally impassive under the less obtrusive though scarcely more happy responses of his proposed bride. But he would fain have had Daisy look a little less easy, assured, and complacent. He did not know that the poor girl was at heart none of the three. She was simply endeavouring to do her best, and fell into a snare. Better instructed young ladies do not answer in short, brisk tones, when addressed by elder ones—do not affect an 'I-care-for-nobody-no-not-I' sort of air, nor twirl rosebuds nonchalantly between fingers and thumb, at such a moment.

'Good heavens! She must not speak like that,' involuntarily reflected Lady Dorrien. But of course she looked all that was

delighted and approving.

'Oh, I knew how it would be when my Daisy once took hold,' was the radiant conclusion of the other occupant of the sofa.

And thus it was the first meeting of the forces who severally desired to amalgamate, took place.

It was all very simple, as great affairs usually are. They loom gigantic in our imaginations; we rack our brains to puzzle them

out, to conjecture how this and that plan of action will work, how this and that misadventure may be avoided; we reduce ourselves to misery, by apprehensions of mischance and failure; and all at once the moment is upon us, flies airily past, and waves us a gay adieu in the distance. It has gone by; and with it all terrors and alarms.

Mrs. Schofield affirmed afterwards that she had never been more at her ease, never felt more comfortable and careless, than when she was sitting at one end of cousin Joseph's big sofa, with Lady Dorrien sitting at the other. Daisy fancied Lady Dorrien looked proudly and appropriatively at them both; Lady Dorrien herself forgot that her son's eye was upon her.

And then an inspiration came to Isabel Lavenham. Though by no means possessed of Monica's powers, a society education had taught Bell something. 'I must make a diversion of some kind,' she told herself, and addressed forthwith the other guests, the now forsaken and insignificant Palmers, who, discomfited and left out in the cold, nevertheless were stubbornly holding their ground, with the air of people who were not to be routed by any amount of contempt or neglect. 'The room is too warm now that the sun is full upon it,' quoth Isabel; 'shall we go into the garden for a stroll?' and she stood up and looked towards the conservatory door.

'Well, I don't know; what do you say, Lizzie?' Mrs. Palmer felt that once outside that conservatory door, all chance of being able to quote Lady Dorrien, and refer to Lady Dorrien, and hurl Lady Dorrien at the heads of her less fortunate acquaintances, would be for ever at an end. She had not, it was true, been formally introduced to her ladyship; but here was she sitting in the same circle with the august dame, and that was more than she had ever done before, and more than any of her set could boast of doing. In their own county the Dorriens were fenced in with an impenetrable rind from Palmers and such people.

Well, now, here she was, and here was the great lady and her son. They were all within a few feet of each other. Even if Monica and Isabel, silly creatures, did not see that it was their place to introduce their visitors to each other—visitors who were thus sitting, as it were, all in one friendly group—she could do something for herself; she could insert a remark into the conversation, could address Barbara Schofield—Barbara, who was sitting up as grand as you please, and talking away as Barbara always would talk, about her sons and her daughters, her Georges and her Daisys, and the whole set of them.

What a tongue Barbara had! And what an ugly bonnet she had on! And what a big, stout, red-faced woman she did look, sitting shoulder to shoulder with that thin, peaky-nosed Lady Dorrien!

'I always did warn Barbara against growing too stout,' cogitated Mrs. Palmer, with a subdued sense of consolation in the length and breadth of Mrs. Schofield's silk gown; 'and Daisy will be as like her as two peas one of these days. What did you say, my dear?'—to Isabel, who, beneath the encouragement of Monica's glance, was persevering as if she had been met by a glad response, instead of a reluctant and doubtful semi-negative. 'I fancy we are as cool in here as we shall be anywhere. Those nice outside blinds are a great convenience. They do keep off the sun in a wonderful way.'

'But there is no sun round the corner of the house, and you would like to see the new part of the garden.'

'Ah, the new part of the garden! But I fancy cousin Joseph would prefer taking us over it himself.'

'Perhaps he would. We might take a turn up and down the terrace.'

'Oh, I have seen the terrace scores and scores of times, my dear.' Mrs. Palmer gave a little laugh. 'I—there is no turnpike on that road now, Barbara,' darting with sudden eagerness into the heart of the dialogue which was being carried on between the other ladies. 'You remember, Barbara,' she continued, laying a firm hand upon the opportunity, 'that the old turnpike was done away with over a year ago. I mean the turnpike that used to be on Sir Arthur Dorrien's grounds.'

Lady Dorrien politely meant the same turnpike. It was she who had introduced it into the conversation.

'It must have been very tiresome having such an inconvenience close to your own lodge-gates,' pursued Mrs. Palmer, now fairly addressing her ladyship, and glowing with internal triumph as she did so. 'My poor husband used always to say that there was nothing so bad as a turnpike at one's own door.'

'I am afraid the Grange is a good bit off the road, Lady Dorrien,' here struck in Mrs. Schofield. ('Like her impudence!' muttered she, transfixing with wrathful eyes her now delighted and successful rival.) 'If you had held along the main road on your way here, you would not have had nearly so long a drive.'

'But you see we were not only coming here,' rejoined Lady Dorrien charmingly, 'we equally desired to call at the Grange.' 'Oh, I'm sure—' ('That's one for Eliza!') 'Oh, I'm sure! So kind, indeed! Daisy?'

But Daisy was engrossed with Dorrien.

'I dare say the country is new to you, and the lanes are very pretty just now—though there is a heap of dust,' began Mrs. Palmer anew; 'the dust is just awful to my mind, in this weather.'

'No, indeed, we found the drive delightful,' averred Lady Dorrien, with her husband's 'Down on your knees to these people' dancing before her eyes. 'All country roads have a little dust.'

'Look at it now!' cried Mrs. Palmer.

'There's no getting in a word for her!' fumed Mrs. Schofield.

'Such a charming day!' smiled Lady Dorrien.

'Just one turn on the terrace?' pleaded Isabel Lavenham.

Monica turned away her head to laugh. 'Not one of them will give in,' she said to herself.

But just as she was considering that it would not do to let the fun go too far, she beheld with relief the entrance of a new comer: her uncle Schofield stood in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

Lincolnshire.

FEW years ago anyone who had proposed to write a handbook of Lincolnshire for general use would probably have been a gentleman who dated his proposal from Hanwell or Colney Hatch. For so utterly uninteresting, not to say repulsive, did the whole county appear to be, that no sane person would have dreamed of imparting information to the outside world concerning it. But Lincolnshire now has the high honour of filling a whole volume not a wretched part of one, like some other counties-in the familiar series with the scarlet binding and the magic name of 'Murray' in beautiful copybook writing on the outside. It may fairly be presumed that the supply betokens a demand; and one asks with some curiosity, 'Why is it that the public desires to be guided through Lincolnshire-Lincolnshire for which in past days the only guide necessary would have been one that might guide the deluded individual who had strayed into the ill-favoured region how to get out of it as quickly as possible?' Many plausible reasons may be given, and first among them let us boldly put the march of intellect. The schoolmaster is abroad, and has taught mankind that Lincolnshire is not entirely a dismal swamp; that 'Bleak House' is not the most appropriate title for all the baronets' and squires' 'places down in Lincolnshire'; that it produces something else besides Lincolnshire geese; and that a stranger may visit it and carry away with him something better than the ague. To this may be added the tendency of our restless age to go everywhere and see everything. Alexander, before he begins to weep because he has no more worlds to conquer, bethinks himself that he has not yet conquered Lincolnshire; and, on consulting his 'Bradshaw,' he finds that the conquest may be achieved without any great amount of trouble or expense: for Lincolnshire is well served by the railway companies, and the adventurous traveller learns that he can get into it—and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, that he can get out of it, if he does not like it—with little difficulty. Then, again, the interest in Lincolnshire has been quickened by the remarkable revival of the interest in Gothic architecture, especially in churches, which has arisen in the present generation. This is now so general that we are apt to forget that it is quite a thing of modern growth. The eighteenth century despised Gothic architecture. It was not much given to building at all, and, least of all, to building churches; but, when it did build, it was either in the Classical style or in some nondescript style of its own. When the nineteenth century was yet in its teens, England awoke to the fact that more churches were needed, and began to build them. The result was the erection of a number of hideous edifices, which are to this day the puzzle and the despair of architects and clergymen. Then arose the Camden Society and other similar institutions, which trained men in a better taste; and the burden of their teaching was in effect-

'Antiquam exquirite matrem.

You have beautiful models before you in the old Gothic churches which abound in all parts of your land: study them; copy and "restore"; don't attempt to create.' And then it was found that Lincolnshire, if not favoured by nature, had been singularly favoured by art; that in the midst of her fens and her marshes—ill-omened words!—there rose up on all sides grand old structures the like of which could be found in few other parts of England.

Is it fanciful to suppose that Lincolnshire has derived a fresh interest from the fact of its being Tennyson-land? From one of its quiet, sequestered villages arose the greatest poet of the present generation, who, so far from being ashamed of his native county, has married to immortal verse many features of its scenery and many characteristic traits of its inhabitants.

At any rate, whether these reasons be right or wrong, the fact remains that Lincolnshire can now boast her 'Murray'; and a Lincolnshire man, born and bred, who has passed nearly half a century of his life in the county, may venture to affirm with some confidence that the handbook is most admirably done; and that those who study it carefully will acquire a perfect wealth of information respecting a region which, in spite of its once evil reputation, will, whether from the antiquary's, the historian's, or the ecclesiologist's point of view, as well repay the trouble of study as any county in England. Though Lincolnshire has no really good county history, it is exceptionally rich in more or less short

accounts of particular parts. The names of Mr. E. A. Freeman, Sir Charles Anderson, Precentor Venables, and Bishop Trollope—to which others might be added—are in themselves quite sufficient vouchers for the accuracy of the information they impart. The writer of the new handbook has made a dexterous use of the previous works of these distinguished gentlemen; and he is also obviously himself an accomplished writer, with a taste for and a knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture—a most indispensable requisite for anyone who would write about Lincolnshire.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to boil down any of the information which is so satisfactorily given in 'Murray,' but merely to take occasion from its publication to add a few remarks about Lincolnshire people and ways which would be quite out of

place in a guidebook of the county.

One speaks of Lincolnshire as a whole, but in point of fact the three natural divisions of the county necessarily create a corresponding division in the manners and customs of the natives. Writing from the popular rather than from the philosophical point of view, I venture to take a different threefold division from that of 'Murray.' If you asked an uneducated Lincolnshire man whether he lived in Lindsey, Holland, or Kesteven, he would not know what you meant: but if you asked him whether he lived in the fens, the marshes, or the wolds, he would tell you at once. The weak point of this division is that it is not quite precise or exhaustive enough. In which of the three parts, for instance, are we to reckon 'the Cliff'-that range of hills which extends from Leicestershire to the Humber? Its natural features are those of the wolds, but what will be said of the woldsmen is not quite applicable to those who dwell on the Cliff. In which, again, are we to place 'the Isle'? In Lincolnshire, the Isle of Axholme is emphatically 'the Isle.' The Isle of Wight may be all very well in its way, and the Isle of Man may have its merits, but, with us, neither of them is the Isle. Are we in the fens? Perish the thought! Are we in the marshes? No! we have nothing to do with the sea. Are we in the wolds? No! our undulations do not rise to the dignity of hills. We are a district of our own, and so is the Cliff. This is the sole, but very unsatisfactory, apology I can offer, when I adopt the undoubtedly bestknown division of the county into wolds, marsh, and fen. A marshman, a fenman, and a woldsman are different beings. Is anyone so benighted as to object that the distinction between marsh and fen is a distinction without a difference? Let him

learn to his confusion that the difference is as great as that between salt water and fresh. In fact that is the difference. The marshes are the flat lands stretching along the sea-coast which have been reclaimed from the sea; the fens are the flat lands which, by a triumph of engineering art, have been reclaimed from the swamps.

In the marshes are the richest of rich pasture-lands; and it is a noble sight to see the magnificent animals which are turned loose upon them to be fattened previously to their last journey to the slaughter-house. In the good days of farming there was nothing that a big wold-farmer coveted more than 'a bit o' marsh land'; and even in the worst of times there has never been much difficulty in letting good marsh land at a fair rental. Here and there is an exceptionally rich piece, which often goes by the significant name of 'plum-pudding close.' Thus, as many of the marshlands are held by wold-farmers, some Lincolnshire men may be regarded as amphibious—not, however, in the libellous sense of the word, according to which a Lincolnshire man is supposed to be web-footed, and to live partly in the water and partly on the land. No, no; but in the literal sense—as living a double life, partly in the wolds and partly in the marsh.

'Is Mr. So-and-so at home?'

'No, sir; he's driven down into the marsh.'

Everybody would know what that answer meant. But the marshman proper is not amphibious; he dwells among his own people, once a week making a solemn journey on market-day to the nearest market-town—Louth, Alford, or Grimsby. As you see him pass by, sometimes in that survival of the past, the genuine gig, he looks a grave and stolid, not to say a stupid, being; but try him at a bargain, and see who comes off second best!

Those who consult the map of Lincolnshire, even as it appears in its latest form in 'Murray,' will rashly conclude that the market-town for the marshes is emphatically Saltfleet. The new marsh railway, indeed, knows better, for it ignores Saltfleet; but the railway is an innovation and an intrusion, and we will ignore it. The railway apart, then, it really seems as if a grim joke were being perpetrated all round. The maps dignify Saltfleet with capital letters; the high-road from Louth to Saltfleet is marked by mile-stones with the name of Saltfleet in conspicuous characters, as if it were a second London. As you approach this apparent metropolis of the marsh, buildings seem to rise which might give promise of a market-town; but when you arrive at the goal the

result is a sort of Lincolnshire Herculaneum or Pompeii, with evident traces of there having once been a town on the spot, but now only a small village, with a ghostly mill on the very sea-bank itself; a vast, ghostly old inn, called, again in the topsy-turvy fashion, 'The New Inn'; and a manor-house, or rather the fragment of one, which seems to have, as indeed it has, its veritable ghost. The fact is, the old town and church of Saltfleet have been swallowed up by the sea, which has now so far receded that the outmarsh is again being taken in for cultivation. Tastes differ, but, in my opinion, Saltfleet is the most interesting and picturesque spot on the Lincolnshipe coast—far more interesting than the thriving market-town which the maps promise would have been, though not perhaps so convenient. Within the memory of the last generation but one it was a sort of bathing-place, and there was a plaintive distich on its last bathing-machine to this effect—

Finer folks may go to Clee, But sandy Saltfleet will do for me.

It must be frankly admitted that, to the outer eye, the fens present a singular resemblance to the marshes; but the philosophical observer does not judge exclusively by the outer eye. The fens, of which the fine, foreign-looking town of Boston, with its magnificent church, is the capital, are a fertile district, and, in spite of their flatness and want of picturesqueness generally, have a very distinct and interesting character of their own. The villages have a rich, prosperous look, the parish churches are simply magnificent, and the peasants are a fine, stalwart race of men. So far from being ague-stricken spots, the fen villages are excellent health-resorts for those who can bear their keen and bracing, but singularly pure and fresh, air. It is said that those who have become acclimatised to the fens find a certain fascination in them which leads them to prefer residing there rather than anywhere else, even when the choice is left perfectly open to them.

In speaking of the wolds I must use the past tense, for it is nearly forty years since I knew them really well, and I hear that the bad times have sadly affected them. The woldsmen of my young days were essentially a sporting race. The very best horsemen in all England were, probably, to be found in this district. This is a bold assertion, when we remember 'the shires.' But the difference between riding in 'the shires' and riding in the wolds was just this: in the former, men rode trained horses; in the latter, horses which were being trained for their work. In fact,

hunting in the wolds used to be quite as much a matter of business as a matter of pleasure. A horse which, untrained, might not be worth 501., might, when trained as a true Lincolnshire woldsman knew how to train him, fetch 100l. The land in the wolds, compared with that in the fens and the marshes, was poor, but the farming was admirable. The holdings were large, the landlords liberal, and some of the tenants like squires. A really well-worked wold farm, with its trim hedges, its clean fields, its rich flocks and herds, its stack-yards full of faultlessly constructed stacks, its farm-buildings which were models of neatness, was a sight worth seeing. 'The Northern Farmer' is a perfectly correct picture of one type of woldsman, though it is fair to say that many of the class were much higher in the social scale. I just remember seeing the man who is always supposed to have been the poet's model; if so, his daughter was a parishioner of my own, and her sentiments very much resembled those of the hero of the lay. No one but a Lincolnshire man, permeated with Lincolnshire ideas through and through, could have written 'The Northern Farmer,' and Lincolnshire scenery was evidently present to the mind's eve of the Laureate when he wrote many of his earlier poems; but I may venture to say, on high authority, that the attempts to identify particular spots, such as Locksley Hall and the Moated Grange, are quite hopeless, for this simple reason—they are imaginary creations of the poet's own brain, and are not taken from any real places.

'The Northern Farmer' naturally leads one into a disquisition on the Lincolnshire dialect. But here again we cannot at all take the county as a whole. When I removed from the east coast, where 'broad Lincolnshire' prevails in all its breadth, to the Isle of Axholme, I found not only the pronunciation, but the local words, quite different; and in the neighbourhood of Spalding and southwards the dialect is quite different from either. But in its own particular district, 'The Northern Farmer' is, I should say from long experience, perfectly correct both in dialect and ideas. So also are the admirable Taüles fra Linkishere and other works by Miss Mabel Peacock. Take any of these poems, and drawl out every syllable in the broadest possible way, and you will have a true notion of what the real Lincolnshire lingo is. When it is otherwise, it is simply because the real thing is diluted by other dialects.

The glory of Lincolnshire is its churches, and, as a rule, Lincolnshire men thoroughly appreciate the distinction they enjoy in this respect. It is perfectly marvellous how much has been spent

during the present generation upon the restoration and beautifying of the Lincolnshire churches. To say nothing of the grandest and most beautiful of them all, the cathedral church of Lincolnto the admirable care of which 'Murray' pays a well-deserved tribute-nor yet of the large town churches, which are almost like cathedrals (notably Boston, Grantham, and Louth), many of the village churches have had an amount spent upon them which implies a great degree of liberality and self-sacrifice somewhere. For in the fens and in the marshes, but especially in the fens, the large and elaborately-wrought structures are serious things to meddle with. 'Bang goes'-not 'saxpence,' but thousands of saxpences-in no time. And the Lincolnshire farmer has a keen appreciation of saxpences, and is reluctant to part with them. He likes to give in kind rather than in money, and will do any amount of 'leading'-which is Lincolnshire for 'carting.' He is also not averse from giving 'a tray' for that most cherished of Lincolnshire institutions, the public tea. The tray includes a noble supply of poultry, ham, and cheesecakes, for all of which Lincolnshire is famous; and the shilling which is the regulation price for a seat at the well-spread board is a cheap investment, but a large amount has been raised for church-building and restoration from this source.

Lincolnshire in the good old times used to be a highly favoured county at Oxford-favoured, that is, through the past liberality of its own inhabitants-not in any other way. Magdalen, Lincoln, Brasenose, Corpus, and Oriel all had scholarships or fellowships, or both, for which only Lincolnshire men were eligible. But Magdalen was founded by William of Waynfleet, a native of Lincolnshire, as his name implies; Corpus by another native of Lincolnshire, Bishop Foxe, who was born at Ropsley, near Grantham; Lincoln was founded by a Bishop of Lincoln who had previously been Vicar of Boston, Richard Fleming, and was greatly augmented by another Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Rotheram; Brasenose was founded in part by another Bishop of Lincoln, William Smyth; and so forth. It was but natural that the benefactors should desire those in their own neighbourhood, if duly qualified, to have the first chance of profiting by their benefactions; and hence arose the advantages which those enjoyed who chanced to be born in Lincolnshire. It is reported-though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report—that it was not an unheard-of thing to qualify a child yet unborn by sending its mother, in anticipation of the auspicious event, into Lincolnshire. The area was quite large enough, as a rule, to supply good men, if the system was carried out fairly. I am not prepared to say that all the successful candidates were chosen at every college purely on their intellectual merits. The principle of mutual accommodation may sometimes have been acted upon. If A. would vote for B.'s nephew, cousin, or friend, then when A.'s nephew, cousin, or friend presented himself, B. would return the compliment. But at some of the colleges—it would be invidious to mention names—the competition was conducted with the most scrupulous fairness. There was one scholarship in particular which was justly regarded as the blue ribbon of Lincolnshire undergraduateship, and it was generally known who were the favourite candidates.

There is no more generous rivalry than that between the competitors for university distinctions, and it certainly was so in regard to these Lincolnshire scholarships; but now and then an amusing incident occurred. On one occasion two youths were going up from the same school, and, in order to be well polished up for the momentous examination, they secured the services of a schoolfellow who was better than either of them, but not in a position to dream of ever going to college. The pupils, of course, talked over their chances of success, and discussed the charms of university life before the tutor. When the time came, they met at the coach-office-there were no railways in those days-and there was the tutor. They were gratified—it was a polite attention on his part to come and see the last of them. But when the coach stopped at the first stage, there was the tutor still; and when the coach at last landed them safe at Oxford, it landed the tutor too, to their intense astonishment. But the truth did not even yet flash upon them. The next morning, however, when they reached the examination-room, there again was the tutor; and they found to their dismay that he had heard so much from them of the advantages of the scholarship and the delights of Oxford, that he had determined to become a candidate for it himself; and, of course, he cut out both his pupils, and, as it happened, the rest of the competitors as well.

On another occasion, the son of an old scholar, who was supposed to be very inferior to his father, was most unexpectedly successful in winning the coveted prize. The father was congratulated on all sides, but he received the compliments of his friends rather doubtfully.

'Yes, it was a welcome relief to his purse!'—that was all he would say.

'And the honour, sir! Consider the honour to beat all the best men of his county! He has more brains than we thoughthe inherits his father's abilities after all!'

'Well, I don't know about that,' reluctantly replied the father;

'the fact is, there were no other candidates!'

This, however, was an exceptional case. As a rule, there were plenty of good men to be found; and if there were not, the college would put off the election till a more brilliant batch arrived.

This subject naturally leads me to protest against a gross libel which has been frequently uttered against Lincolnshire. In olden times the sharp-witted Athenians used to make merry over the dulness of intellect of their northern neighbours, attributing this supposed dulness to the thick and damp atmosphere of their climate; and as the raw, thick, damp atmosphere has been thought erroneously to obfuscate the intellect of our county, Lincolnshire has been termed the English Bœotia. Five-and-forty years ago a raw, puzzle-pated little Lincolnshire boy-the reader's very humble servant—was sent to a south country school. Whenever he made a stupid mistake, as he very often did, the master used to cry out, 'Bœotia! Bœotia!' It was unpardonable in the pedagogue, for he must have known better, seeing that he had lately had under his charge one who afterwards became the most brilliant scholar of modern times-John Conington, a Lincolnshire lad on both sides, and also that very able thinker and writer, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson.

But the truth is, this Bœotian land has been unusually fertile in intellects which have been quite the reverse of the Bœotian type; and not the least so in the domain of poetry, thus not bearing out the theory that a poet is partly formed by the beauty of his surroundings. The greatest of all—Lord Tennyson—has already been noticed. But, besides the Laureate, we have also nurtured his brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, whose genius. though less prolific, was as truly inspired by the divine afflatus as Alfred's own. Every lover of Tennyson knows Poems by Two Brothers, a volume written and published in 1827 by the two brothers jointly when they were yet schoolboys. The publishers were Messrs. Jacksons of Louth, and the original MS. is still in the possession of the firm. One of my own most valued treasures is a fragment of The Brothers, with each poem marked in pencil 'C.' or 'A.' by the Laureate's own hand when he was a boy; and it has always seemed to me that the poems marked 'C.' are equal in merit to those marked 'A.,' though both give distinct promise of the success their writers were destined to achieve. The late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth was of opinion that Mr. C. Tennyson Turner in some of his sonnets soared into higher flights of poetry than even his brother had done.

Lincolnshire, again, produced the sweetest and most prolific of all hymn-writers, Charles Wesley, and his brother John Wesley, who wrote or translated more good hymns than he has had credit for. The two Samuel Wesleys, father and son, were indefatigable verse-makers. Whether we are to place them among the sacred band of poets is another question; but no one with any taste will refuse the title of poetess to Mehetabel Wesley, who spent almost all her unhappy life in Lincolnshire. Miss Jean Ingelow, again, whose poetical reputation has long been firmly established, is a native of Lincolnshire; and so is another, whose verses have unmistakably the genuine poetic ring about them—that ring which it is as impossible to catch, if one has not the gift, as it is to square the circle or to discover the philosopher's stone—Mr. H. D. Rawnsley.

Lincolnshire can also claim the greatest of English philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, as her own, not only from the fact of his having been born at Woolsthorpe, but also from his having been educated at Grantham Grammar School; and also one of the best of English devotional writers, Simon Patrick, who was born at Gainsborough. The two Mozleys-James, the Oxford professor, a really great divine, and his brother Thomas, the writer of the Reminiscences. the brother-in-law of Cardinal Newman, and for some time editor of the British Critic-also hailed from Lincolnshire. It was in the Bœotian air of Lincolnshire that that stupendous monument of learning, The Divine Legation of Moses, was raised by William Warburton, then a simple country clergyman at Brant Broughton. And it is not perhaps generally known that some of the works of that most refined and cultured band of writers, the English Platonists, were also written in the same county. One of the very best of our living church historians, Canon Perry, has been for nearly forty years breathing the Bœotian air of Lincolnshire, and has written all his valuable works under those unpropitious atmospheric conditions; and we have yet to learn that the fifteen years during which our late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth breathed our Bootian air in any way impaired either the keenness or the activity of his intellect.

But Lincolnshire has been evil spoken of, and some of the

highest personages in the kingdom have set the example. One king called the county in a public document 'one of the most brute and beestalie of the whole realm.' If he were not afraid of speaking evil of dignities, a Lincolnshire man would be inclined to return the compliment and call him 'one of the most brute and beestalie of all our kings.' Another monarch spoke of it as 'all flats and fogs and fens,' which only shows that he had not made many royal progresses far into the county. The poets laureate too have not always honoured Lincolnshire as the present laureate has done. The penultimate predecessor of Lord Tennyson (Southey) wrote to the next holder of the bays (Wordsworth) a description of Trusthorpe, a typical marsh village, in this fashion—

A line of land, a line of sea, A line of sand, and not a tree.

He ought to have had his butt of Malmsey confiscated for writing such shocking bad verses.

Another cruel, but rather amusing, libel upon Lincolnshire was given to me by one who is himself a highly distinguished native of the county, the late Professor of Logic at Oxford, and now President of Corpus Christi College. I need scarcely say that, as a loyal Lincolnshire man, he was not the author. 'Confirmation Day at South Somercoates' is the title, and the verses were addressed to the rector by one of the then bishop's chaplains. They run thus—

Unhappy pastor of the fens,
Who Lincolnshire's dull peasants pens,
Worse than Bœotian is thy fate,
A soul and body damping state.
Damp is the sky above thy head,
And damp the ground on which you tread;
Damp is the meadow's wide expanse,
And damp the garden and the manse,
Damp is the church, the walls, the books,
And damp the congregation's looks;
Damp too the surplice, sooth to say,
On solemn Confirmation Day.
Yet sometimes thou the horrid thrall mayst fly,
Thy sermons, friend, they may be dry!

Virgil, according to Addison, used to introduce personages into his *Eneid* merely for the purpose of immediately knocking

them on the head. Following so high a precedent, I proceed, after having introduced these lines, immediately to pull them in pieces. The very first line contains two fallacies—

Unhappy pastor of the fens.

Alas! for the depths of human ignorance! that a veritable clergyman, and a bishop's chaplain to boot, should imagine that South Somercoates was in the fens! Why, every schoolboy knows-or at least Lord Macaulay's inspired schoolboy would have known-that South Somercoates is in the marsh, and that its fine church, with its noble spire conspicuous for miles round in that comparatively flat country-I admit that the country is comparatively flat-bears the proud title of 'The Queen of the Marshes.' Then I distinctly demur to the epithet 'unhappy' as applied to the pastor-at least, if he was unhappy it was his own fault. One of the brightest and cheerfulest clergymen I ever knew was once curate of Somercoates, and he told me with his own lips that he never spent a happier time in his life. By the way, I am not sure whether it was North or South Somercoates; but if it was North, that only strengthens the argument, for North Somercoates compared with South Somercoates

Is as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

In writing about Lincolnshire, one naturally runs into Tennyson. But to proceed—

Who Lincolnshire's dull peasants pens.

'Pens' is a good word rightly applied. It has the high authority of 'Dr. Primrose, of Wakefield (Vicar),' as Thackeray calls our dear old friend, for being used in this sense; but 'dull peasants'! A marshman has his faults, like Mr. Chuckster, but he is not dull. On the contrary, he is a very keen critic, especially of sermons.

Worse than Bœotian is thy fate.

Why, our bishop's chaplain out-Herods Herod! It is bad enough to call Lincolnshire the English Bœotia, but here it is implied that it is worse than Bœotia! As to the next nine lines which complain of the damp inside and outside the church walls, I can say nothing respecting the outside damp, as I do not know what kind of weather it was; but I make bold to say that such a thing as a damp day is not unknown in other counties besides Lincoln-

shire. As to the inside damp, I can testify by experience that even Lincolnshire damp is not impervious to the influence of a good fire. But the crowning fallacy is in the last line—

Thy sermons, friend, they may be dry !

No! no! Take it on the word of one who was for many years a Lincolnshire marsh clergyman,—the Lincolnshire marshes are never damp, and the marsh clergyman's sermons are never dry.

'What! never?'-'No, never!'

'Never?'-'Well, hardly ever!'

J. H. OVERTON.

The Three Doctors.

A SHADOW OF A LOST 'INGOLDSBY LEGEND.'

IN the town of Clonmel,
As I'm going to tell,
In former days we remember well
That the medical staff was not very great,
But the health of the place in a prosperous state.

There were doctors three
Who could never agree,
But set up their sign-boards in rivalry.
Each had the credit of being a quack,
But of general credit a general lack.

Now Doctor Pillule was a Homoeopat
And dealt in poisons. But what of that?
So long as his bottles were neat and clean,
And the points of his instruments fine and keen,
No one would inquire, no one would detect
If his patient died of his gross neglect.
They'd say, 'Poor fellow! his thread was spun
Shorter than others; his race is run.'
But none would care that his friends were bereft
If consoled by the weight of the cash he left.
So the world jogged on, and Doctor Pillule
Was considered just only an average fool.

The next of the leeches
Experience teaches
Could not have been trusted to patch up old breeches.
He cut and he hacked
With more vigour than tact,
And his love of experiments never was slacked.

Many the poor unlucky sinner
He sent to his grave. In the middle of dinner
He never would wait
On the case to dilate
Or scarce to examine the patient's state,
But trusting to fate,
With a meaning nod of his ignorant pate,
He'd cut off his leg and go back to his plate.
Such was the practice of Doctor O'Steel,
Who liked his profession, but loved his meal.

The third practitioner no one saw: He lived at a so-called medicine store, Said little or nothing, but thought the more. The men of Clonmel were alike in agreeing That he was a very mysterious being; No one indeed could understand How he managed to live on the trade in hand. Many the doubt and many the wink, Many the question, 'What do you think?' But no one precisely knew how much he thought, And whether the Doctor did more than he ought Or less, it was certain he never was caught, For Doctor Killall thought it wrong to steal A hackney coach, but to let the wheel, Or the axle-tree, pole, or splinter bar Hang out of his pocket was worse by far.

Now it chanced one night
That a luckless wight,
Who didn't exactly feel all right
(When he went to bed
His nose was red,
And when he got up his face was white),
Had a nervous dream, and he thought he saw
The sign-board over each doctor's door.
There was not much wrong, but a bad hiccup,
And he only needed a pick-me-up,
But being not over endowed with pluck,
And feeling too ill to trust to luck,
He made up his mind
To attempt to find
Some one, and ask him to be so kind

As to recommend As an honest friend The doctor to whom he had better send, Who would with most skill such a case attend. Whether the chicken, or whether the peas, Whether the liquor, or whether the cheese, Weighed on his stomach no power can tell; But whatever it was, you may know full well That his eyes were heavy, his head was hot, And the root of his tongue was certainly not As cool as it ought to have been, because He slept flat on his back with gaping jaws. And asleep in pain He fancied again That he plainly saw At each doctor's door The ghosts of his patients less or more, In exact proportion to what success Had attended his treatment, more or less. At one whole hosts Of threatening ghosts Vengeance-vowing, storming, swearing, Shrieking, screaming, garments tearing, Sheets in shreds about their withers Winding, gave him the cold shivers. At the next some more poor devils In their rattlebony revels, Giving vent to all their grief, Cursed the doctor for a thief. Till the sight of such a crowd Made our patient groan aloud. By no friend's advice decoyed These at least he would avoid. 'Twas a fearful strain To his heated brain To think of the numbers these quacks had slain. Now still in his sleep Another sad peep Revealed the ghost of a chimney-sweep, And one ghost more At the little door Where Doctor Killall had his medicine store.

Our friend woke up with a start and a kick, And feeling moreover uncommonly sick, Thought, the only man from whom I'm sure To meet with a quick and perfect cure Is the man whose victims are only two, I am safe with the man who has killed so few. So he dipped his mug In the water-jug, And pulled on his boots with a nervous tug, Rushed off to the quack with a rueful face, And proceeded at once to explain his case. The doctor smiled and the doctor smirked, All medical questions he wisely shirked, He felt his pulse, he looked at his tongue, He timed his heart and he tapped each lung, He looked him over from head to foot, But the only question he deigned to put Was, 'How does it happen of doctors three That you give the preference, sir, to me?' He told his story, he told his dreams, He told of the ghosts and the awful screams, He told of the two who stood before The narrow front of the medicine store. The proof was plain to a man of sense That there he could place his confidence. The doctor replied, 'I am grieved to add, They're the only two cases I ever had.' To have seen that man get out of that house Would have raised a smile in a low-church mouse.

WALSINGHAM.

An Innocent Chaperon.

I MAKE so bold as to call myself an innocent chaperon, because I feel sure that anyone who will take the trouble to peruse this plain, unvarnished tale will require no further proof of my innocency. Of course, such a reputation is not precisely what one covets; still, as my husband once said, in a brilliant flash of inspiration, to his constituents: 'Since you can't prove me to be a knave, you might at least allow me credit for being a fool.' My husband, I may mention (though so great is my guilelessness that I really don't know whether that has anything to do with it or not), is a conscientious Liberal Unionist. It is in the above modest character, therefore, that I make my appeal for public sympathy—which will hardly, I think, be denied to me when I add that, out of motives of pure benevolence, I undertook to see two nieces of mine through a London season.

Some people might say-indeed, if I remember rightly, George himself said—that I was bound to do so. I don't for a moment admit that; only, blood being thicker than water, I think one ought, if one can, to prevent one's nearest relations from marrying below their proper station in life, and when my only sister, Lucy Meadows, died, I did naturally feel anxious to do what I could for her children. Lucy herself had made rather a poor sort of marriage, having chosen to unite her fortunes to those of a Liverpool merchant who thought fit to drop down dead of heartdisease one morning before he had realised the wealth which one is accustomed to associate with Liverpool merchants. He left her with a comfortable competence and a couple of daughters; and then, after a good many years, during which I neither saw nor heard much of her, she, too, succumbed, somewhat suddenly, to an attack of inflammation of the lungs, poor thing! Well, perhaps I ought to have seen more of her, and perhaps I felt a little guilty about it; although, as everybody knows, nothing is more difficult than to obtain even occasional glimpses of people who don't happen to be in one's own set. Anyhow, I wrote to these two girls, telling them how glad I should be if they would come to me as soon as we moved up to London in the spring, and if they would consider my house as their home for four or five months. It didn't seem such a very imprudent offer to make, considering that I have no daughters of my own, and that my boys are still at school.

Lydia, the eldest, sent me a very grateful and prettily-expressed reply. She informed me (but that I already knew) that she had inherited three-fourths of her mother's money, as well as the house in the neighbourhood of Liverpool which was endeared to her by the memories of childhood, and which she proposed to retain as a permanent residence. She went on to say that her personal tastes inclined her rather towards study than towards gaiety and society; but that, recognising her position with regard to her younger sister as being virtually that of a parent, she did not feel justified in refusing dear Nancy the opportunities which I had so very kindly placed at their disposal.

Lydia had been educated at Girton, and was, I dare say, a Spinster of Arts, or something of that kind. I had seen her once, and had not been particularly fascinated by her short hair and her pince-nez; still, she was not at all the sort of girl who would be likely to give one trouble; and in any case she had been amply, not to say rather unjustly, provided for. Probably she did not want a husband, and, if she did, would prefer to choose one for herself. My interest was much more powerfully excited on behalf of poor little Nancy, who, as I had been told, was pretty, and for whom I hoped to be able to secure some rather better matrimonial alliance than she could expect to make in her own part of the world.

So the girls arrived, bag and baggage, in time to be presented at the second Drawing-room; and very decent girls they seemed to be, after their respective fashions. I confess to a hearty detestation of superior women, and Lydia, with her pedantic assumption of knowing all about everything and her solemn political disquisitions, which made George laugh, altogether failed to amuse me; but Nancy was a dear little soul—dark-haired, blue-eyed, round-faced, and jolie à croquer, as they say on the other side of the water, where that particular style of beauty is rather more common than it is in our own island. I had been sure from the first that I should like Nancy, and I did like her. For the matter of that, I like her still; though I must say that her conduct has not shown quite that simplicity of character which I was inclined to attribute to her at the outset.

Now, there is one thing as to which I am convinced that all mothers and all chaperons will agree with me (I don't appeal to men, who are unfitted to give an opinion upon such points), and that is that, in endeavouring to arrange a suitable alliance for a girl in whom one is interested, one must take the rough with the smooth. You can't find the ideal husband any more than you can find the ideal cook, and if you choose to wait for the former to turn up you may remain single all your days, just as you will probably have to go dinnerless if you refuse to be satisfied with anything short of the latter. I say this because I am not concerned to deny that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton is a tedious and rather vulgar-minded personage. Against those demerits, which are not so very important, you have to set the solid facts of his respectability, of his eminence in political life, and of his wealth, actual and prospective. I forget what his father was-I rather think he was a miner of some sort, but it doesn't much signify-what was certain was that the Right Honourable gentleman was well off, that he had attained to Ministerial rank, and that, somewhere in the northern counties, he had an aged uncle Peter who was reputed to be enormously righ, and whose riches it was understood that he would inherit ere long. It was not I who asked Samuel to dinner; certainly it was not I who suggested to him that he should pay attention to Nancy; but George was pleased to invite him, and he did devote himself to the girl, and I should have neglected my duty if I had not smiled upon him. I really haven't a supply of millionaire young dukes at command.

'Your niece is charming, Lady Jerome,' he said to me after dinner, in that patronising tone which he is wont to assume upon what, I own, seem to me to be insufficient grounds—' positively

charming!'

I replied that I was glad to think any niece of mine had been so fortunate as to charm him, and inquired to which of them he alluded.

'Oh, to the younger one,' he returned promptly. 'The elder, no doubt, is also very accomplished and agreeable; but there is a freshness and girlishness about Miss Nancy which is all the more delightful because it is so rare in these sophisticated days.'

He sighed as he spoke and tried to look like a blasé man of the world. Mr. Samuel Hampton is a tall, narrow-chested man, approaching middle-age. He has a snub nose; he takes a good deal of trouble about his dress; he wears an eye-glass and a flower in his buttonhole, and betrays his origin in every word and look. I had a small and early reception, for which he was kind enough to remain, and I noticed that he was most assiduous in his courtesies to Nancy, who received them with apparent gratification.

'Sir George tells me that you are going to take your nieces to Lady Porterale's ball to-morrow night,' he remarked, on shaking hands with me before his departure, 'and he says I ought to be there. Well, I must try to manage it; for the hope

of meeting you all is certainly a powerful inducement.'

George, it will be observed, had invited the alliance of this worthy and distinguished bourgeois in terms about as plain as they could be made; yet, when I spoke to him subsequently upon the subject, he denied—so like a man!—that he had done any such thing, and declined all responsibility for Nancy's matrimonial prospects.

'If she likes to marry Hampton, by all means let her do so,' said he. 'I shouldn't myself like to marry him; but then, I'm not a woman, thank God! These schemes are women's affairs, not mine, and I'll be hanged if I'll be mixed up in them!'

Lydia was much less cautious and cowardly. She declared in the frankest possible way that she thought Mr. Hampton very nice indeed and would be delighted to see her sister engaged to him. She was not so silly as to affect ignorance of the obvious fact that he was smitten with Nancy, nor did she consider disparity of age any serious obstacle in the way of their ultimate union.

I mentioned just now that I do not especially love that type of modern young woman of whom Lydia was a fair representative. She studied blue-books and interested herself in social and political problems (although, unlike the generality of her species, she held Conservative views), and she was altogether too self-satisfied for my taste. Yet I am bound to say that she won my respect by her readiness to efface herself in favour of her sister. She said in so many words that she felt a great deal too old to play the part of a débutante, that she had not come to London with any idea of seeking her own fortune, and that her one wish was to find a good and kind husband for Nancy, if that could be contrived. That being so, and Mr. Samuel Hampton being, to the best of my knowledge and belief, both good and kind, I took the girls to Lady Porterale's ball with an easy conscience.

Lady Porterale's balls, as all the world knows, are magnificent affairs. Her husband earned his enormous income and his title by the sale of intoxicating liquors, and I dare say that he deserved

both, though one would hardly suppose so to look at him. At all events, he spends his money lavishly, and I don't know that one has any right to ask more than that of him or his wife. I have arrived at that time of life when floral decorations and supper—especially supper—acquire a greater importance than good floors and good music; so that I quite enjoyed myself under the roof of these hospitable people, and was almost as much pleased with their superb orchids as I was with their champagne and a particularly meritorious aspic which somebody was thoughtful enough to recommend to me. Furthermore, I noticed with satisfaction that the Right Honourable Samuel skipped round the room several times with Nancy, and I also saw him dancing with Lydia, which I thought very good-natured of him.

It was quite late in the evening that he sought and obtained my gracious permission to present his half-brother to me. I had not previously been aware that he was blessed with any brothers, either half or complete, but I had no objection in the world to making acquaintance with the nice, clean-looking, fair-haired boy whom he led up to me and whom he addressed as 'Teddy'—an appellation which sounded suitable somehow. Teddy was not shy. He sat down beside me, began to converse in an easy, colloquial fashion, and by the end of a quarter of an hour had obligingly told me all that there was to tell about himself. He was a great deal younger and a very great deal poorer than the eminent Samuel; he had failed to pass the requisite examinations for the army, and was not quite sure as yet which trade or profession he should eventually adorn. Only he supposed he would have to do something.

'Because I'm an absolute pauper, you see. My old Uncle Peter, who might have felt it his duty to provide for me, one would think, means leaving everything to Sam; he says he doesn't see the fun of handing over any of his hard-earned money to a fellow who can't earn money for himself. As if earning money was such an easy thing to do! So I expect it will end in my working my passage out to Australia and disappearing from refined circles.'

Meanwhile, he was evidently bent upon getting all the enjoyment that he could out of the refinements produced by fashion and beer. He seemed to know everybody, and I suppose his half-brother must have introduced him to Nancy, for I saw them dancing together more than once after he had quitted my side. To my mind, there was no harm, nor any danger, in that. Regarded in the light of a potential suitor, this poor youth was a

mere nonentity, and he was so candid and straightforward that I was sure he would not be guilty of anything so unworthy as flirting with a girl towards whom he could not possibly have serious intentions. Personally, I liked him a great deal better than the eligible Samuel, and I felt no hesitation about asking him to come and see me when he accompanied us downstairs and secured our wraps for us.

He had likewise, it appeared, been privileged to gain the approval of Lydia, who was loud in his praises on our way home,

and who said:

'I am so glad you asked him to call, Aunt Eleanor. Of course he isn't clever, like his brother; but he is delightfully young and unspoilt by the world. His way of talking rather reminded me of Nancy.'

'Thank you, dear,' responded Nancy from her corner; 'I have always been afraid that I talked like a goose, and now I am sure of it.'

I don't know what anserous speeches Teddy Hampton may or may not have made to my younger niece; but I do know that it is quite possible to be a goose and, at the same time, to be an extremely entertaining companion; and this was what he proved himself to be when he came to tea with us on the afternoon of the girls' presentation. He had duly left his card at the door before that, and I had invited him, together with some other people, to look in upon us after the Drawing-room, because I thought they might like to inspect our frocks. Samuel also was of the party, having come on from the Palace to lend an air of distinction to the scene by his Ministerial garb. It is unquestionably a distinguished thing to be a Minister in full fig; only, in order to do justice to the character, one ought to have legs, and poor Samuel had no legs-to speak of. That was what made him look slightly ridiculous, and it was upon that ground that his cheeky young brother chaffed him unmercifully.

Well, I must say for the good man that he stood chaff uncommonly well. Perhaps the House of Commons had inured him to that kind of thing, or perhaps he may have felt that, with respect to all essential points, the laugh must always be on his side as against his tormentor. Anyhow, he kept his temper; and if he was not consoled by Lydia's outspoken admiration of certain recent deliverances of his upon the Irish question, it was none the less kind of her to do her best towards consoling him. He subsided at length into a chair close to her elbow, while Nancy and the rest of us were kept in fits of laughter by Teddy.

who, I am bound to say, was an amusing youth. I am not sure that he displayed the best possible taste by mimicking his halfbrother's impressive method of public oratory; but his mimicry was irresistibly comic, and if the eminent statesman did not object to it, why should we? When he had exhausted Samuel, he was pleased to make fun of Lydia and Nancy, entreating them to repeat, for his benefit, the graceful performances of which they had just acquitted themselves in a more august circle and sticking out his hand for them to kiss, while he audaciously impersonated the Sovereign of these realms. I need scarcely mention that they did not kiss his hand-I should never have thought of allowing them to do such a thing-but they lent themselves to the tomfoolery by means of which he contrived to entertain the rest of us, and although this does not sound like a particularly mirth-provoking exhibition, it was so in reality. There are people who cannot succeed in being funny, however hard they may try, and there are others who can send you into convulsions by simply looking at you.

All the same, a joke ought not to be kept up too long, nor ought a very young man to monopolise the entire attention of his elders and betters for more than half an hour or so. I can't tell whether it was his intuitive sense of the fitness of things or the gentle snub which I felt it right to administer that caused Teddy Hampton to withdraw at length into the background; but, at any rate, he did withdraw, and, as I had other visitors to talk to, some little time elapsed before I noticed that he had not only withdrawn in a literal sense, but had taken Nancy with him. I was somewhat annoyed when, on inquiring what had become of the two young people, I was informed they had betaken themselves to the back drawing-room, where they were out of sight; but the placid unconcern of the Right Honourable Samuel reassured me. After all, what did it matter so long as he was not jealous?

'I won't say good-bye, Lady Jerome, I will only say au revoir,' he remarked, as he rose to take his leave; 'for we shall meet again in a few hours at Mrs. Lightfoot's ball. And will you, please, remind Miss Nancy that she has promised to keep two dances for me?'

That was all very well; but Miss Nancy ought to have been upon the spot to assure him that she had not forgotten her engagement, instead of giggling in the back drawing-room with an impertinent detrimental; and so I made bold to tell her, as soon as the company had dispersed. I said:

'My dear child, I am quite sure that you don't mean any harm; but the great thing is to avoid the appearance of meaning harm, and it really isn't wise to conceal yourself behind the furniture in the company of any young man. Moreover, it isn't wise to presume too much upon the good nature of any old—or at least elderly—man, like Mr. Samuel Hampton.'

Nancy opened a great pair of wondering eyes, looked rather as if she meditated bursting into tears, and faltered out that she didn't know what I meant. Lydia, taking her by the arm, led her away in a kindly, protecting fashion, and afterwards said to

me, somewhat reproachfully:

'Don't be too hard upon the poor child, Aunt Eleanor; I don't think you quite realise how very young and inexperienced she is.'

I made a suitable apology; for indeed it seemed likely enough that I didn't quite understand the girl. It is a long time since I myself was a girl, and as one grows old, one does forget the sentiments and sensations of one's youth: added to which, I never was exactly what you could call an ingénue. Nevertheless, I own that I had some little difficulty in reconciling Nancy's subsequent behaviour with a theory of childlike artlessness. She danced more than twice with the saltatory Samuel that evening, and an unprejudiced observer would certainly have said that she was doing all she knew to lead him on to a declaration; yet, if the same unprejudiced observer had watched her at the next ball which we honoured with our patronage, he would, I feel sure, have set her down as a tolerably accomplished flirt. For at that ball Teddy Hampton was present, and she divided her favours between the two brothers in a way which could not but suggest the idea that she was playing the one off against the other.

'And supposing that she is!' cried Lydia, to whom I took the liberty of mentioning this ignoble suspicion. 'I don't know that it is so; but I should not be at all surprised if it were. What can you expect but strategy from a race that has been kept in subjection for centuries, as the race of women has in this country? They have been taught that they can only hope to attain their ends by means of stratagem, and naturally they have learnt their lesson. It seems to me that, if anybody is to be blamed, it ought to be young Mr. Hampton, not poor Nancy.'

Lydia's habit was to stand up for her sex, in season and out of season; and of course it was only creditable on her part to stand up for her sister. She gave me to understand that Nancy's heart was in the right place (in other words, that it had been bestowed

upon the rich brother, not the poor one), and her hint that a mock flirtation with the latter might be the best way of bringing the former to book sounded plausible enough. He was not, however, brought to book during the ensuing three weeks, in the course of which we saw a great deal of Hampton Brothers; nor, notwithstanding his bland imperturbability, did he appear to me to be altogether pleased with the way in which Teddy conducted himself. Some ambiguous remarks which he let fall made me feel a little uneasy on Nancy's behalf, because an underbred man is like an underbred horse—you can never be sure that he won't turn sulky and give in at the very moment when he ought to

begin trying.

And so, what with one thing and another, I was quite glad, in my capacity of chaperon, when the time came for us to pay a brief visit to our place in the country for the purpose of presiding at a great gathering which was to be held in the park under the auspices of the Primrose League. I say that I was glad as a chaperon, because, of course, I could not expect to derive much personal enjoyment from such a festivity. I don't belong to the Primrose League (I think I have already mentioned that we are Liberal Unionists); but I dare say I shouldn't hate its ways of going on any the less if I did. It may be, as George declares it is, for the good of my country that I should watch large numbers of unwashen persons playing kiss-in-the-ring under the windows; that I should affect to take an interest in some absurd performances, dignified by the name of athletic sports; that I should present prizes to the winners in these ridiculous contests. and that I should finally seat myself upon a rickety platform and listen to dreary political speeches. I sincerely hope that all this is in some mysterious way beneficial to the country; for it certainly isn't beneficial to me, or to the grass either. However, I was comforted by the thought that it might very probably prove beneficial to Nancy, inasmuch as the great Samuel had consented to honour us with his company and his oratory upon the occasion, and had likewise insinuated that this act of condescension was a tribute to her charms rather than to ours.

In point of fact, I shrewdly suspected that Samuel meant to propose, as soon as he should have exhibited himself in his most becoming aspect, to the girl whom he hoped to make his wife; and I was therefore not a little vexed when it appeared that George, without ever taking the trouble to consult me, had in vited Teddy Hampton to join the house-party. That is the sort

of stupid thing that George is perpetually doing. He only laughed at my remonstrances, as he always does, and assured me that it would be all right. Well, perhaps George may sometimes (though not often) be in the right—indeed, I should think he must be, since we never agree upon a single point, and since it does seem unlikely that any rational being can be invariably in the wrong—but I thought at the time, and I think still, that he made a sad error in judgment when he asked that facetious young man to take part in what, by his own account, ought to have been regarded as serious proceedings.

And, of course, as I had anticipated would be the case, Teddy lost no time in playing the fool and turning the whole thing into ridicule. Heaven knows politics and political demonstrations can be ridiculous enough upon their own hook, and stand in no need of anybody's help to make them more so! Still, I do think it is very bad taste to laugh at people whose hospitality you have accepted; and after we had all retired to our bedrooms on the evening before the meeting, I sought a nocturnal interview with Nancy for the express purpose of pointing this out to her. I said:

'It is very easy, and I dare say you may think it very amusing on young Mr. Hampton's part, to make fun of stump orations; but you must remember that the people are now our masters, and that statesmen can't get at the ear of the people in any other way than by mounting a platform and shouting at them. Statesmen know what the people are too ignorant and ill-informed to understand; they see the fatal consequences of—of—in short, of doing whatever it is that the Opposition want to do; and surely it is more dignified to stand up and say so than to remain in the background, sniggering and making faces, like a clown at a circus.'

Nancy admitted at once that it was. She added a modest expression of her belief that Teddy was not quite such a fool as he looked (or words to that effect), and furthermore asserted that she was looking forward with sincere pleasure and anticipation of mental improvement to the remarks with which the Right Honourable Samuel proposed to favour his audience on the morrow. My impression, on leaving her, was that she not only appreciated the importance of the approaching crisis, but was prepared to take that course with reference to it which beseemed a reasonable young woman.

My readers, I am sure, would not be grateful to me if I were to enter upon a detailed description of scenes with which most of them must be unhappily familiar. We were spared the added horror of bad weather, and I suppose the preliminary portion of our fête was a success, since everybody called it by that name. The man who was to have performed upon the tight-rope got drunk, and couldn't be brought up to the scratch; but that, as George confided to me, was a blessing in disguise, because he had never performed upon a tight-rope before, and one would have been sorry if his début had been rendered conspicuous by his demise. In other respects everything went off quite tidily, and I distributed the prizes with my customary grace and affability. Then we and the other magnates scrambled up upon a platform, which was too small to accommodate us with any sort of comfort, and proceeded to business. George stammered and stumbled and made feeble jokes, as he always does, and was vociferously applauded, as he always is. He was followed by a ponderous old person, during whose laboured harangue the attention of the audience appeared to wander a good deal. Mine did, I knowand for good and sufficient reasons. Our great gun, Mr. Samuel Hampton, was to speak next, and there was as yet no sign of him. He had withdrawn some little time before, explaining to me that he wished to consult his notes, which he had prepared with great care; but I began to be horridly afraid lest he should have made some mistake about the hour. A pretty fiasco we should achieve if we were unable to produce him when wanted! My anxiety was shared by those about me. The local celebrities were growing fidgetty; George whispered to me that this really wouldn't do (as if I was responsible!), and I was becoming hot and cold all over. when Lydia very kindly volunteered to run off in search of the missing orator.

She slipped over the back of the platform and trotted away with great celerity and no disturbance; but alas! neither she nor Samuel returned, and for the very first time in my life I found myself wishing that a political speech might be indefinitely prolonged. Unfortunately, everything in this world must have an end—even the loquacity of a bore who has no ideas to start with, and no language in which to conceal their absence—so at length the awful moment came when old Sir Digby Dunderhead (I have forgotten the man's real name) concluded his declamation by sitting down noisily upon his hat. It was Teddy, I presume, who had had the forethought to place it upon his chair in readiness for him; but I was incapable of being either amused or annoyed by such trifles at such a time.

Imagine my feelings when George rose and announced with perfect composure that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton

would now address the meeting! Imagine—but no; I don't believe anybody's imagination can be equal to that strain!—what my feelings were when my husband resumed his seat, chuckling audibly, and when Teddy coolly advanced to the front of the platform.

'Don't excite yourself,' George whispered to me behind his hand; 'it's all right. None of these good folks know Hampton by sight, and that young beggar has cheek enough to carry off

anything.'

Assuredly it was not from lack of that valuable quality that Teddy was in danger of coming to grief. I was furious with him and with George when he started; but I don't mind confessing that before he had spoken for more than a minute or two I began to feel grateful to them both. For really what he said was quite admirable, and was delivered with a solemnity and a sense of responsibility which could not have been beaten by the eminent politician whom he had supplanted. He was not in the least jocose; he appeared to take himself and his party every bit as seriously as the absent Samuel would have done; his exposure of the unworthy tactics of the Opposition was quite crushing, and he elicited loud cheers from his listeners when he impressively called upon them to decide, once for all, whether England should or should not continue to be a nation.

'If only there is no wretched London reporter in the crowd,' I remarked under my breath to George, 'and if only you will be good enough to swallow down your merriment, instead of shaking and bubbling in that indecent manner, we may possibly escape detection.'

He nodded and repeated once more, in that irritating way of his, that it would be all right. But a terrible shock and surprise was in store for us; for when that eloquent but unprincipled young man had been declaiming for nearly an hour, and had wound up with a magnificent peroration, what will it be supposed that he did? He did not retire, bowing and smiling, and seat himself either upon his own hat or upon somebody else's—not he! On the contrary, he advanced a step, and, as soon as the deafening applause had subsided, he said:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have only a few words to add: they are in the nature of a personal explanation. While thanking you, as I do most sincerely, for the indulgence and the approbation which you have been pleased to extend to me, I cannot but feel that you may have been, in some degree, influenced by the name which I have the honour to bear, and it seems only fair to

tell you that I am not the man whom you take me for. My name, it is true, is Hampton, and certainly I do not yield one jot to my elder brother in devotion to our Sovereign, our country, and our present Government; still, the fact remains that Samuel Hampton is my elder brother, and my only excuse for having addressed you in his stead is one which I trust that you may deem sufficient—namely, that he is not here to speak for himself.'

This announcement, as may well be believed, produced a profound sensation. There were some discordant cries, there was a little hooting; but I think, upon the whole, laughter was the predominant sound in the hubbub which ensued. After a pause

Teddy resumed imperturbably:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have done my best to act a fraternal part; I have, at least, expressed my brother's sentiments, though I cannot pretend to his elegance of diction; if I have presumed too far upon your good nature, I am ready to descend amongst you and to be torn limb from limb. Yet, before I die, I should like, if you will permit me, to plead my poor brother's cause with There are occasions, ladies-especially ladies-and gentlemen, which claim all our sympathy and all our leniency; and when I tell you that Mr. Samuel Hampton is at the present moment engaged-I say engaged in the fullest sense of the term-I do feel that I may appeal to you with some confidence to pardon his temporary absence from the post of duty. When I ascended this platform I saw at no great distance from me a certain lovely and accomplished lady. I look in vain for that lady now; I look in vain for my brother. Ladies and gentlemen, need I say more?'

But he did say more, that shameless young wretch! He said every abominable and indiscreet thing that it was possible to say, and what vexed me to an even greater extent than the hilarity of the general public was to see Nancy joining in it. It was as clear as daylight that the whole thing was the result of a pre-

meditated and most selfish and unworthy plot.

'I am astounded at your impudence in approaching me,' I said to the culprit, who ranged up alongside, while we were all walking back towards the house, and put forward what he was pleased to call an explanation, together with an entreaty for forgiveness. 'I quite believe that, as you say, you delivered your brother's speech; I quite believe that, knowing his inability to speak without his notes, you picked his pocket of them in order to play a heartless practical joke; but not for one moment do I believe that you acted

upon a sudden impulse. No, my dear sir! You have chosen to make us the laughing-stock of the county, not to say the country; you have placed an innocent man in a position out of which I'm sure I don't know how he is to escape without ignominy, and you have seriously compromised a girl who, I hope and trust, is as innocent as he. If you think I am going to forgive all that at once, you must have strangely misconceived my character.'

'Oh, no, dear Lady Jerome,' he answered in a perfectly unabashed manner; 'I haven't misconceived you a bit. I know there are no bounds to your kindness and good nature, although your powers of discernment may be limited. You wanted, as we are all aware, to marry Samuel to Miss Nancy; but then, you see, she doesn't want to marry him, and, if she did, she wouldn't be at all the proper sort of wife for him. Now, Miss Lydia (who, by the way, is as innocent as the driven snow—and so is everybody except me), will suit him down to the ground. She went off in absolute good faith to search for him; she will have found him, somewhere or other, buzzing about distractedly; she will have consoled him; and, let us hope, the natural consequences will have ensued. If they have not—well, I venture to entertain some modest confidence in the effects of my little speech upon his mind and hers.'

If you will believe me, the young rascal was right. Hardly had I retired to my boudoir to sulk unseen when in came Lydia, blushing and simpering (as if she had any business to blush and simper at her age!) with the announcement that Mr. Samuel Hampton had asked her to be his wife and that she had accepted him.

'Dear Aunt Eleanor,' said she, 'I am afraid you will think me a dreadful traitress——'

'That is exactly what I do think you,' I interrupted.

'Yes; I was afraid you would. But really, though I haven't liked to say so, I have seen for a long time past that Samuel and Nancy could never be happy together. Their tastes are not the same; she is not, I am sure, capable of appreciating him at his true worth——'

'Now, look here, Lydia,' I interrupted; 'it grieves me to be vulgar; but may I ask in plain language whether this is a put-up job? I only inquire for the sake of information.'

She drew herself up with a fine assumption of offended dignity. She assured me that she had had no thought until that afternoon of supplanting her sister, that she had yielded only to the passionate pleadings of Samuel and the sudden discovery of her own

sentiments, that she had been as much perplexed as the would-be orator by the mysterious disappearance of his notes, and that, although it certainly had been Teddy who had suggested to her that she should go in search of him, she had suspected the young man of no sinister design. I suppose it is just possible that she may have been speaking the truth.

Anyhow, the thing couldn't be helped, and all one could do was to put a good face upon it. It didn't seem to me that the Right Honourable Samuel put a particularly good face upon it; and, although he pretended to be amused when he heard of his younger brother's indiscretion, it was easy to see that the joke was not altogether to his taste. However, he had the hardihood to tell me that he had loved Lydia from the first, and the magnanimity to add that Nancy was a great deal too young in her habits and ideas for an old fellow like him.

'This is all very fine,' I remarked to George late that evening; but it isn't business, you know. The well-to-do niece is disposed of; but what is to become of the poverty-stricken one? Say what you will, it is a most damaging thing to a girl to have been almost engaged to a man who has seen fit to prefer her sister, and, unless I am very much mistaken, I shall have Nancy on my hands for a long time to come.'

'Oh, no, you won't,' returned George, with one of his loud, foolish laughs; 'Teddy Hampton will take her off your hands as soon as ever he has earned a little money. I have the best authority for giving you that assurance. Well, I'm glad the two young folks have arrived at an understanding; it's all quite as it should be, when you come to think of it.'

Quite as it should be that my niece should engage herself to a young fellow with no means nor the faintest prospect of ever possessing any! Naturally, I said at once that I could not dream of sanctioning such a piece of wild folly; whereupon George coolly rejoined that, in that case, he supposed they would have to do the best they could without my sanction. They obtained his, and, what is more, they obtained a promise from him that, if the worst came to the worst, he wouldn't let them starve. And George, mind you, is by no means what can be called a rich man in these days: added to which, he has three sons growing up! I will say for Nancy that she had the grace to be ashamed of herself. As for that precious fiancé of hers, I am afraid there is little chance of my ever seeing him look ashamed until the Day of Judgment.

Well, it is true that, as matters have fallen out, this impro-

vident pair do not depend upon our benevolence for their support: but that they do not is owing to circumstances which nobody in the world could have foreseen. One would not have imagined that a hard-headed, hard-fisted old working-man would have seen much to admire in theft and impersonation; yet, as it appeared, the venerable Peter Hampton was quite delighted when he heard of the exploit of his younger nephew, whom he immediately summoned to the North and congratulated upon his 'smartness.' The elder nephew may perhaps have bored him beyond endurance (it does not seem unlikely), or he may have been sincere in his assertion that he asked nothing better than to help one who understood so well how to help himself. At all events, he made Teddy a handsome allowance there and then, and when he died shortly afterwards, it was found that he had bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to that scapegrace, leaving the gifted and irreproachable Samuel out in the cold. That is why Mr. and Mrs. Hampton have a big house in Grosvenor Place, and give big entertainments, to which they are kind enough to invite me from time to time, while the Right Honourable Samuel and spouse inhabit a rather remote district of South Kensington and show but little hospitality to their friends.

'It's quite like the wind-up of a play,' says George, rubbing his hands—'the old uncle dying in the nick of time, virtue rewarded, and everybody contented, eh?'

H'm! I don't know so much about the reward of virtue; and as for everybody being contented, I rather think I could name one lady who was not quite so clever as she fancied herself and who consequently feels a trifle down in the mouth at times. However, as I often remind Lydia (for I like to say a kind word when I can), riches are not everything, and she has really been most fortunate in securing a husband of such commanding talents. For my own part, I am, of course, perfectly contented. I have married both my nieces, I have married them well, and I have married them in their first season. No chaperon could do more; only a very few are able to achieve as much.

All the same, I wish Teddy Hampton were not quite so fond of referring to an episode which reflects scant credit upon him and gives disrespectful people an excuse for laughing at me. Moreover, I should feel rather more comfortable if I could be sure that those two girls didn't deliberately hoodwink me from start to finish.

Hot Orchids.

In former articles I have done my best to show that orchid culture is no mystery. The laws which govern it are strict and simple, easy to define in books, easily understood, and subject to few exceptions. It is not with Odontoglossums and Cattleyas as with roses—an intelligent man or woman needs no long apprenticeship to master their treatment. Stove orchids are not so readily dealt with; but then, persons who own a stove usually keep a gardener. Coming from the hot lowlands of either hemisphere, they show much greater variety than those of the temperate and sub-tropic zones; there are more genera, though not so many species, and more exceptions to every rule. These therefore are not to be recommended to all householders. Not everyone indeed is anxious to grow plants which need a minimum night heat of 60° in winter, 70° in summer, and cannot dispense with fire the whole year round.

The hottest of all orchids, probably, is *Peristeria elata*, the famous 'Spirito Santo'—flower of the Holy Ghost. The dullest soul who observes that white dove rising with wings half spread, as in the very act of taking flight, can understand the frenzy of the Spaniards when they came upon it. Rumours of Peruvian magnificence had just reached them at Panama—on the same day, perhaps, when this miraculous sign from heaven encouraged their advance. The empire of the Incas did not fall a prey to that particular band of ruffians, nevertheless. *Peristeria elata* is so well known that I would not dwell upon it, but an odd little tale rises to my mind. The great collector Roezl was travelling homeward in 1868 by Panama. The railway fare to Colon was sixty dollars at that time, and he grudged the money. Setting his wits to work, Roezl discovered that the company issued tickets from station to station at a very low price for the convenience of

¹ An article on 'Cool Orchids' appeared in No. 77 of this Magazine, March 1889; one on 'Warm Orchids,' No. 91, May 1890.

its employés. Taking advantage of this system, he crossed the isthmus for five dollars-such an advantage it is in travelling to be an old campaigner! At one of the intermediate stations he had to wait for his train, and rushed into the jungle, of course. Peristeria abounded in that steaming swamp, but the collector was on holiday. To his amazement, however, he found, side by side with it, a Masdevallia-that genus most impatient of sunshine among all orchids, flourishing here in the hottest blaze! Snatching up half a dozen of the tender plants with a practised hand, he brought them safe to England. On the day they were put up to auction news of Livingstone's death arrived, and in a flash of inspiration Roezl christened his novelty M. Livingstoniana. Few, indeed, even among authorities, know where that rarest of Masdevallias has its home; none have reached Europe since. A pretty flower it is-white, rosy tipped, with yellow 'tails.' And it dwells by the station of Culebras on the Panama railway.

Of genera, however, doubtless the Vandas are hottest; and among these, V. Sanderiana stands first. The flowers measure six inches in breadth, ten or twelve on a spray, rosy white, the lower sepals tawny, decked with an interlacing of crimson and chocolate. V. Sanderiana is found in Mindanao, one of the Philippines, growing on the very top of the highest trees, which must be felled to secure the treasure. It is not common, and of those gathered but a small proportion survive. In the first place, the agent must employ natives, who are paid so much per plant, no matter what the size—a bad system, but they will allow no change. It is evidently their interest to divide any 'specimen' that will bear cutting up; if the fragments bleed to death, they have got their money meantime. Then, the Manilla steamers call at Mindanao only once a month. Three months are needed to get together plants enough to yield a fair profit. At the end of that time a large proportion of those first gathered will certainly be doomed-Vandas have no pseudo-bulbs to sustain their strength. Steamers run from Manilla to Singapore every fortnight. If the collector be fortunate he may light upon a captain willing to receive his packages; in that case he builds structures of bamboo on deck, and spends the next fortnight in watering, shading, and ventilating his precious trouvailles, alternately. But captains willing to receive such freight must be waited for too often. At Singapore it is necessary to make a final overhauling of the plants-to their woeful diminution. This done, troubles recommence. Seldom will the captain of a mail steamer accept that miscellaneous cargo. Happily, the time of year is, or ought to be, that season when tea-ships arrive at Singapore. The collector may reasonably hope to secure a passage in one of these, which will carry him to England in thirty-five days or so. If this state of things be pondered, even without allowance for accident, it will not seem surprising that V. Sanderiana is a costly species. The largest piece yet secured was bought by Sir Trevor Lawrence at auction, in September last, for ninety guineas. It had eight stems, the tallest four feet high. No consignment has yet returned

a profit, however.

The favoured home of Vandas is Java. They are noble plants even when at rest, if perfect—that is, clothed in their glossy, dark green leaves from base to crown. If there be any age or any height at which the lower leaves fall of necessity, I have not been able to identify it. In Mr. Sander's collection, for instance, there is a giant pot of Vanda suavis, eleven growths, a small thicket, established in 1847. The tallest stem measures fifteen feet, and every one of its leaves remain. They fall off easily under bad treatment, but the mischief is reparable at a certain sacrifice. The stem may be cut through and the crown replanted, with leaves perfect; but it will be so much shorter, of course. finest specimen I ever heard of is the V. Lowii at Ferrières, seat of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, near Paris. It fills the upper part of a large greenhouse, and year by year its twelve stems produce an indefinite number of spikes, eight to ten feet long, covered with hundreds of yellow and crimson blooms. Vandas inhabit all the Malayan Archipelago; some are found even in India. The superb V. teres comes from Sylhet; from Burma also. A pretty little coincidence was remarked when the Queen paid a visit to Waddesdon the other day. V. teres first bloomed in Europe at Syon House, and a small spray was sent to the young Princess, unmarried then and uncrowned. The incident recurred to memory when Baron Ferdinand Rothschild chose this same flower for the bouquet which he presented to Her Majesty. It bears a moral also. The plant of which a single spray was a royal gift less than sixty years ago has become so far common that it may be used in masses to decorate a room. Thousands of unconsidered subjects of Her Majesty enjoy the pleasure which one great duke monopolised before her reign began. There is matter for an essay here—I hasten back to my theme. V. teres is not such a common object that description would be superfluous. It belongs to the small class of climbing orchids, delighting to sun itself upon the rafters of the hottest stove. If this habit be duly regarded, it is not difficult to flower by any means, though gardeners who do not keep pace with their age still pronounce it a hopeless rebel. The bloom is white and rose, with a crimson tip, overarched in a fashion singularly graceful by pale purple lobes. A striking effect of colour is produced, such as we find only among orchids, by the deep cinnamon of the throat. A plant rarely seen is V. limbata from the island of Timor—dusky yellow, the tip

purple, outlined with white, formed like a shovel.

I may cite a personal reminiscence here, in the hope that some reader may be able to supply what is wanting. In years so far back that they seem to belong to a 'previous existence,' I travelled in Borneo, and paid a visit to the antimony mines of The manager, Mr. Bentley, showed me a grand tapong tree at his door from which he had lately gathered a 'blue orchid' —we were desperately vague about names in the jungle at that day, or in England for that matter. In a note published on my return I said: 'As Mr. Bentley described it, the blossoms hung in an azure garland from the bough more gracefully than art could design. This specimen is, I believe, the only one at present known, and both Malays and Dyaks are quite ignorant of such a flower.' What was this? There is no question of the facts. Mr. Bentley sent the plant, a large mass, to the chairman of the company, and it reached home in fair condition. I saw the warm letter, enclosing cheque for 100l., in which Mr. Templar acknowledged receipt. But further record I have not been able to discover. One inclines to assume that a blue orchid which puts forth a 'garland' of bloom must be a Vanda. The description might be applied to V. carulea, but that species is a native of the Khasia hills; more appropriately, as I recall Mr. Bentley's words, to V. carulescens, which, however, is Burmese. Furthermore, neither of these would be looked for on the branch of a great tree. Possibly someone who reads this may know what became of Mr. Templar's specimen.

Both the species of Renanthera need great heat. Among 'facts not generally known' to orchid growers, but decidedly interesting for them, is the commercial habitat, as one may say, of R. coccinea. The books state correctly that it is a native of Cochin China. Orchids coming from such a distance must needs be withered on arrival. Accordingly, the most experienced horticulturist who is not up to a little secret feels assured that all is well when he beholds at the auction room or at one of the small

dealers, a plant full of sap, with glossy leaves and unshrivelled roots. It must have been in cultivation for a year at the very least, and he buys with confidence. Too often, however, a disastrous change sets in from the very moment his purchase reaches home. Instead of growing, it falls back and back, until in a very few weeks it has all the appearance of a newly-imported piece. The explanation is curious. At some time, not distant, a quantity of R. coccinea must have found its way to the neighbourhood of Rio. There it flourishes as a weed, with a vigour quite unparalleled in its native soil. Unscrupulous persons take advantage of this extraordinary accident. From a country so near and so readily accessible they can get plants home, pot them up, and sell them, before the withering process sets in. May this revelation confound such knavish tricks! The moral is old—buy your orchids from one of the great dealers, if you do not care to 'establish' them yourself.

R. coccinea is another of the climbing species, and it demands even more urgently than Vanda teres to reach the top of the house, where sunshine is fiercest, before blooming. Under the best conditions, indeed, it is slow to produce its noble wreaths of flower-deep red, crimson, and orange. Upon the other hand, the foliage is an ornament, and it grows very fast. The Duke of Devonshire has some plants at Chatsworth which never fail to make a gorgeous show in their season; but they stand twenty feet high, twisted round birch trees, and they have occupied their present quarters for half a century or near it. There is but one more species in the genus, so far as the unlearned know; but this, generally recognised as Vanda Lowii, ranks among the grand curiosities of botanic science. Like some of the Catasetums and Cycnoches, it bears two distinct types of flower on each spike, but the instance of R. Lowii is even more perplexing. In those other cases the differing forms represent male and female sex, but the microscope has not yet discovered any sort of reason for the like eccentricity of the Renanthera. Its proper inflorescence, as one may put it, is greenish yellow, blotched with crimson, three inches in diameter, clothing a spike sometimes twelve feet long. The first two flowers to open, however-those at the base-present a strong contrast in all respects-smaller, of different shape, tawny yellow in colour, dotted with crimson. It would be a pleasing task for ingenious youth with a bent towards science to seek the utility of this arrangement.

e

t

ρf

d

Orchids are spreading fast over the world in these days, and

we may expect to hear of other instances where a species has taken root in alien climes like R. coccinea in Brazil. I cannot cite a parallel at present. But Mr. Sander informs me that there is a growing demand for these plants in realms which have their own native orchids. Among customers who write to him direct are magnates of China and Siam, an Indian, and a Javanese rajah. Orders are received—not unimportant, nor infrequent—from merchants at Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Rio de Janeiro, and smaller places, of course. It is vastly droll to hear that some of these gentlemen import species at a great expense which an intelligent coolie could gather for them in any quantity within a few furlongs of their godown! But for the most part they demand foreigners.

The plants thus distributed will be grown in the open air; naturally they will seed—at least, we may hope so. Even Angracum sesquipedale, of which I wrote in my last article, would find a moth able to impregnate it in South Brazil. Such species as recognise the conditions necessary for their existence will establish themselves. It is fairly safe to credit that in some future time, not distant, Cattleyas may flourish in the jungles of India, Dendrobiums on the Amazons, Phalænopsis in the coast lands of Central America. Those who wish well to their kind would like to hasten that day, for many of our choicest orchids are threatened with extinction in their native seats. I shall have

to name some instances presently.

Mr. Burbidge suggested at the Orchid Conference that gentlemen who have plantations in a country suitable should establish a 'farm,' or rather a market garden, and grow the precious things for exportation. It is an excellent idea, and when tea, coffee, sugar-cane, all the regular crops of the East and West Indies, are so depreciated by competition, one would think that some planters might adopt it. Perhaps some have; it is too early yet for results. Upon inquiry I hear of a case, but not encouraging. One of Mr. Sander's collectors, marrying when on service in the United States of Columbia, resolved to follow Mr. Burbidge's advice. He set up his 'farm' and began 'hybridising' freely. No man living is better qualified as a collector, for the hero of this little tale is Mr. Kerboch, a name familiar among those who take interest in such matters; but I am not aware that he had any experience in growing orchids. To start with hybridising seems very ambitious—too much of a short cut to fortune. However, in less than eighteen months Mr. Kerboch found it did

n

a

 \mathbf{n}

d

f

 \mathbf{n}

n

h

e

e

of

d

e

ıt

d

e

d

d

k

ot

n

r.

,

e

g

i-

e.

d

not answer, for reasons yet unexplained, and a few weeks ago he begged to be reinstated in Mr. Sander's service. It is clear, indeed, that the orchid-farmer of the future, in whose success I firmly believe, will be wise to begin modestly, cultivating the species he finds in his neighbourhood. It is not in our greenhouses alone that these plants sometimes show likes and dislikes beyond explanation. For example, many gentlemen in Costa Rica-a wealthy land, and comparatively civilised-have tried to cultivate the glorious Cattleya Dowiana. For business purposes also the attempt has been made. But never with success. In those tropical lands a variation of climate or circumstances, small perhaps, but such as plants that subsist mostly upon air can recognise, will be found in a very narrow circuit. We say that Trichopilias have their home at Bogota. As a matter of fact, however, they will not live in the immediate vicinity of that town, though the woods, fifteen miles away, are stocked with The orchid-farmer will have to begin cautiously, propagating what he finds at hand, and he must not be hasty in sending his crop to market. It is a general rule of experience that plants brought from the forest and 'established' before shipment do less well than those shipped direct in good condition, though the public, naturally, is slow to admit a conclusion opposed by à priori reasoning. The cause may be that they exhaust their strength in that first effort, and suffer more severely on the voyage.

I hear of one gentleman, however, who appears to be cultivating orchids with success. This is Mr. Rand, dwelling on the Rio Negro, in Brazil, where he has established a plantation of Hevia brasiliensis, a new caoutchouc of the highest quality, indigenous to those parts. Some two years ago Mr. Rand wrote to Mr. Godseff, at St. Albans, begging plants of Vanda Sanderiana and other oriental species, which were duly forwarded. In return he despatched some pieces of a new epidendrum, named in his honour E. Randii—a noble flower, with brown sepals and petals, the tip crimson, betwixt two large white wings. This and others, native to the Rio Negro, Mr. Rand is propagating on a large scale in sheds of bamboo, especially a white Cattleya superba which he himself discovered. It is pleasing to add that, by latest reports, all the oriental species forwarded were thriving to perfection on

the other side of the Atlantic.

Vandas, indeed, should flourish where Cattleya superba is at home, or anything else that loves the atmosphere of a kitchen on

washing day at midsummer. Though all of this genus, or very nearly all, will 'do' in an intermediate house, several prefer the stove. Of two among them, C. Dowiana and C. aurea, I spoke in my last article with an enthusiasm that does not bear repetition. It grows upon rocks in the little island of Sta. Catarina, Brazil, in company with Lælia elegans, L. purpurata and Cattleya guttata Leopoldii. There the three dwelt in such numbers only twenty years ago that the supply was thought inexhaustible. It has come to an end already, and collectors no longer visit the spot. Cliffs and ravines which men still young can recollect ablaze with colour are as bare now as a stone quarry. Nature had done much to protect these treasures; they flourished mostly in places which the human foot cannot reach—Lælia elegans and Cattleya g. Leopoldii inextricably entwined, clinging to the face of lofty rocks. The blooms of the former are white and mauve, of the latter chocolate-brown, spotted with dark red, the lip purple. A wondrous sight that must have been in the time of flowering. It is lost now, probably for ever. Natives went down, suspended on a rope, and swept the whole circuit of the island, year by year. A few specimens remain in nooks absolutely inaccessible, but those happy mortals who possess a bit of L. elegans should treasure it, for no more are forthcoming. C. g. Leopoldii has been found elsewhere. It is deliciously scented. I observed a plant at St. Albans lately with three spikes, each bearing over twenty flowers; many strong perfumes there were in the house, but that overpowered them all. The Lalia purpurata of Sta. Catarina, to which the finest varieties in cultivation belong, has shared the same fate. It occupied boulders jutting out above the swamps in the full glare of tropic sunshine. Many gardeners give it too much shade. This species grows also on the mainland, but of inferior quality in all respects; curiously enough it dwells upon trees there, even though rocks be at hand, while the island variety, I believe, was never found on timber.

Another hot Cattleya of the highest class is C. Acklandia. It belongs to the dwarf section of the genus, and inexperienced persons are vastly surprised to see such a little plant bearing two flowers on a spike, each larger than itself. They are four inches in diameter, petals and sepals chocolate-brown, barred with yellow; lip large, of colour varying from rose to purple. C. Acklandia is found at Bahia, where it grows side by side with Cattleya amethystoglossa, also a charming species, very tall, and leafless, of course, to the tip of its pseudo-bulbs. Thus the dwarf

beneath is seen in all its beauty. As they cling together in great masses the pair must make a flower-bed to themselves-above, the clustered spikes of C. amethystoglossa, rosy-lilac, purple-spotted, with a lip of amethyst; upon the ground, the rich chocolate and rose of C. Acklandia. Cattleya superba, as has been said, dwells on the Rio Negro in Brazil, but it has a wide range, for specimens have been sent from the Rio Meta in Columbia. is not loved by gardeners, who find it difficult to cultivate and almost impossible to flower, probably because they cannot give it sunshine enough. I have heard that Baron Hruby, a Hungarian enthusiast in our science, has no sort of trouble; wonders, indeed, are reported of his admirable collection, where all the hot orchids thrive like weeds. The Briton may find comfort in assuming that cool species are happier beneath his cloudy skies; if he be prudent, he will not seek to verify the assumption. The Assistant Curator of Kew assures us, in his excellent little work, 'Orchids,' published some months ago, that the late Mr. Spyers grew C. superba well, and he details his method. I myself have never seen the bloom. Mr. Watson describes it as five inches across, 'bright rosy-purple suffused with white, very fragrant, lip with acute side lobes folding over the column,' making a tunnel in fact, 'the front lobe spreading, kidney-shaped, crimson-purple, with a blotch of white and yellow in front.'

In the same districts with Cattleya superba grows Galeandra Devoniana under circumstances rather unusual. It clings to the very tip of a slender palm, in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fever and mosquitoes. It was discovered by Sir Robert Schomburgk, who compared the flower to a foxglove, referring especially, perhaps, to the graceful bend of its long pseudo-bulbs, which is almost lost under cultivation. The tube-like flowers are purple, contrasting exquisitely with a snow-white lip, striped with lilac in the throat.

Phalænopses, of course, are hot. Many persons regard them as the loveliest of flowers, and there is no question of their supreme beauty, though not all of us may rank them first. They come mostly from the Philippines, but Java, Borneo, Cochin China, Burmah, even Assam contribute some species. Colonel Berkeley found Ph. tetraspis, snow-white, and Ph. speciosa, purple, in the Andamans, when he was governor of that settlement, clinging to low bushes along the mangrove creeks. So far as I know, all the species dwell within breath of the sea, as it may be put, where

the atmosphere is laden with salt; this gives a hint to the thoughtful. Mr. Partington, of Cheshunt, who was the most renowned cultivator of the genus in his time, used to lay down salt upon the paths and beneath the stages of his Phalænopsis house. Lady Howard de Walden stands first, perhaps, at the present day, and her gardener follows the same system. These plants, indeed, are affected, for good or ill, by influences too subtle for our perception as yet. Experiment alone will decide whether a certain house, or a certain neighbourhood even, be agreeable to their taste. The authorities of Kew put up a building expressly designed for them some years ago, but no Phalænopsis would consent to exist therein. It is a waste of money in general to make alterations; if they do not like the place they won't live there, and that's flat! It is probable that Maidstone, where Lady Howard de Walden resides, may be specially suited to their needs, but her ladyship's gardener knows how to turn a lucky chance to the best account. Some of his plants have ten leaves !- the uninitiated may think that fact grotesquely undeserving of a note of exclamation, but to explain would be too technical. It may be observed that the famous Swan orchid, Cycnoches chlorochilon, flourishes at Maidstone as nowhere else perhaps in England.

Phalænopsis were first introduced by Messrs. Rollison, of Tooting, a firm that vanished years ago, but will live in the annals of horticulture as the earliest of the great importers. In 1836 they got home a living specimen of Ph. amabilis, which had been described, and even figured, eighty years before. A few months later the Duke of Devonshire secured Ph. Schilleriana. The late Mr. B. S. Williams told me a very curious incident relating to this species. It comes from the Philippines, and exacts a very hot, close atmosphere, of course. Once upon a time. however, a little piece was left in the cool house at Holloway, and remained there some months unnoticed by the authorities. When at length the oversight was remarked, to their amaze this stranger from the tropics, abandoned in the temperate zone, proved to be thriving more vigorously than any of his fellows who enjoyed their proper climate; so he was left in peace and cherished as a 'phenomenon.' Four seasons had passed when I beheld the marvel, and it was a picture of health and strength, flowering freely; but the reader is not advised to introduce a few Phalænopsis to his Odontoglossums, not by any means. Mr. Williams himself never repeated the experiment. It was one of those delightfully perplexing vagaries which the orchid-grower notes from time to time.

There are rare species of this genus which will not be found in the dealers' catalogues, and amateurs who like a novelty may be pleased to hear some names. Ph. Manni, christened in honour of Mr. Mann, Director of the Indian Forest Department, is yellow and red; Ph. cornucervi, yellow and brown; Ph. Portei, a natural hybrid, doubtless, of Ph. rosea and Ph. amabilis, white, the lip amethyst. It is found very, very rarely in the woods near Manilla. Above all, Ph. Sanderiana, to which hangs a little tale. So soon as the natives of the Philippines began to understand that their white and lilac weeds were cherished in Europe, they talked of a scarlet variety, which thrilled listening collectors with joy. But the precious thing never came to hand, and, on closer inquiry, no responsible witness could be found who had seen it. Years passed by and the scarlet Phalænopsis became a jest among orchidaceans. The natives persisted, however, and Mr. Sander found the belief so general, if shadowy, that when a service of coasting steamers was established, he sent an agent to make a thorough investigation. His enterprise and sagacity were rewarded, as usual. After floating round for twenty-five years amidst derision, the rumour proved true—in part. Ph. Sanderiana is not scarlet, but purplish rose, a very handsome and distinct species.

Many of the Cologynes classed as cool, which, indeed, rub along with Odontoglossums, do better in the stove while growing. Cal. cristata itself comes from Nepaul, where the summer sun is terrible, and it covers the rocks most exposed. But I will only name a few of those recognised as hot. Amongst the most striking of flowers, exquisitely pretty also, is Cal. pandurata, from Borneo. Its spike has been described as resembling a row of glossy pea-green frogs with black tongues, each three inches in The whole bloom, in fact, is brilliantly green, but several ridges clothed with hairs as black and soft as velvet run down the lip, seeming to issue from a mouth. It is very strange that a plant so curious, so beautiful, and so sweet should be so rarely cultivated. Cel. Dayana, also a native of Borneo, one of our newest discoveries, is named after Mr. Day, of Tottenham. I may interpolate a remark here for the encouragement of poor but enthusiastic members of our fraternity. When Mr. Day sold his collection lately, an American 'Syndicate' paid 12,000l. down, and the remaining plants fetched 12,000l. at

auction; so, at least, the uncontradicted report goes. Cel. Dayana is rare, of course, and dear, but I hear that Mr. Sander has imported a large quantity. The spike is three feet long sometimes, a pendant wreath of buff-yellow flowers broadly striped with chocolate. Cal. Massangeana, from Assam, resembles this, but the lip is deep crimson-brown, with lines of yellow, and a white edge. Newest of all the Cologynes, and supremely beautiful, is Cal. Sanderiana, imported by the gentleman whose name it bears. He has been called 'The Orchid King.' This superb species has only bloomed once in Europe as yet: Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is the happy man. Its snow-white flowers, six on a spike generally, each three inches across, have very dark brown stripes on the lip. It was discovered in Borneo by Mr. Forsterman, the same collector who happed upon the wondrous scarlet Dendrobe, mentioned in a former article. There I stated that Baron Schroder had three pieces; this was a mistake unfortunately. Mr. Forsterman only secured three, of which two died on the journey. Baron Schroder bought the third, but it has

perished. No more can be found as yet.

Of Oncidiums there are many that demand stove treatment. The story of Onc. splendidum is curious. It first turned up in France some thirty years ago. A ship's captain sailing from St. Lazare brought half a dozen pieces, which he gave to his 'owner,' M. Herman. The latter handed them to MM. Thibaut and Keteleer, of Sceaux, who split them up and distributed them. Two of the original plants found their way to England, and they also appear to have been cut up. A legend of the King Street auction room recalls how perfervid competitors ran up a bit of Onc. splendidum, that had only one leaf, to thirty guineas. The whole stock vanished presently, which is not surprising, if it had all been divided in the same ruthless manner. From that day the species was lost until Mr. Sander turned his attention to it. There was no record of its habitat. The name of the vessel, or even of the captain, might have furnished a clue had it been recorded, for the shipping intelligence of the day would have shown what ports he was frequenting about that time. I could tell of mysterious orchids traced home upon indications less distinct. But there was absolutely nothing. Mr. Sander, however, had scrutinised the plant carefully, while specimens were still extant, and from the structure of the leaf he formed a strong conclusion that it must belong to the Central American flora; furthermore, that it must inhabit a very warm locality. In 1882 he directed one of his collectors, Mr. Oversluys, to look for the precious thing in Costa Rica. Year after year the search proceeded, until Mr. Oversluys declared, with some warmth, that Onc. splendidum might grow in heaven, or in the other place, but it was not to be found in Costa Rica. But theorists are stubborn, and year after year he was sent back. At length, in 1882, riding through a district often explored, the collector found himself in a grassy plain, dotted with pale yellow flowers. He had beheld the same many times, but his business was orchids. On this occasion, however, he chanced to approach one of the masses, and recognised the object of his quest. It was the familiar case of a man who overlooks the thing he has to find, because it is too near and too conspicuous. But Mr. Oversluys had excuse enough. Who could have expected to see an Oncidium buried in long grass, exposed to the full power of a tropic sun?

Oncidium Lanceanum is, perhaps, the hottest of its genus. Those happy mortals who can grow it declare they have no trouble, but unless perfectly strong and healthy it gets 'the spot,' and promptly goes to wreck. In the houses of the 'New Plant and Bulb Company,' at Colchester—now extinct—Onc. Lanceanum flourished with a vigour almost embarrassing, putting forth such enormous leaves, as it hung close to the glass, as made blinds quite superfluous at midsummer. But this was an extraordinary case. Certainly it is a glorious spectacle in flower—yellow, barred with brown; the lip violet. The spikes last a month in full beauty—sometimes two.

Epidendrums mostly will bear as much heat as can be given them while growing; all demand more sunshine than they can get in our climate. Amateurs do not seem to be so well acquainted with the grand things of this genus as they should be. Possibly they distrust imported Epidendrums. Many worthless species, indeed, bear a perplexing resemblance to the finest; so much so, that the most observant of authorities would not think of buying at the auction-room unless he had confidence enough in the seller's honesty to accept his description of a 'lot.' Gloriously beautiful, however, are some of those rarely met with; easy to cultivate also, in a sunny place, and not dear. Epid. rhizophorum has been lately rechristened Epid. radicans—a name which might be confined to the Mexican variety. For the plant recurs in Brazil, practically the same, but with a certain difference. The former grows on shrubs, a true epiphyte; the latter has its

bottom roots in the soil, at foot of the tallest trees, and runs up to the very summit, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. The flowers also show a distinction, but in effect they are brilliant orange-red, the lip yellow, edged with scarlet. Forty or fifty of them, hanging in a cluster from the top of the raceme, make a show to remember. Mr. Watson 'saw a plant a few years ago, that bore eighty-six heads of flowers!' They last for three months. Epid. prismatocarpum, also, is a lovely thing, with narrow dagger-like sepals and petals, creamy-yellow, spotted with black,

lip rosy, with a pale yellow margin.

My space draws in. Of the many hot Dendrobiums, Australia supplies a good proportion. There is D. bigibbum, of course, too well known for description; it dwells on the small islands in Torres Straits. This species flowered at Kew so early as 1824, but the plant died. Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney, re-introduced it thirty years later. D. Johannis, from Queensland, brown and yellow, streaked with orange, the flowers curiously twisted. D. superbiens, from Torres Straits, rosy purple, edged with white, lip crimson. Handsomest of all by far is D. phalanopsis. It throws out a long, slender spike from the tip of the pseudo-bulb, bearing six or more flowers three inches across. The sepals, lance-shaped, and the petals, twice as broad, are rosy-lilac, with veins of darker tint; the lip, arched over by its side lobes, maroon in the throat, paler and striped at the mouth. Wondrous dendrobes are coming from New Guinea, and more extraordinary still are announced. But of these I spoke in a former article.

Bulbophyllums rank among the marvels of nature. It is a point comparatively trivial that this genus includes the largest of

orchids and, perhaps, the smallest.

B. Beccarii has leaves two feet long, eighteen inches broad. It encircles the biggest tree in one clasp of its rhizomes, which travellers mistake for the coil of a boa constrictor. Furthermore, this species emits the vilest stench known to scientific persons, which is a great saying. But these things are insignificant. The charm of Bulbophyllums lies in their machinery for trapping insects. Those who attended the Temple Show saw something of it, if they could penetrate the crush around B. barbigerum on Sir Trevor Lawrence's stand. This tiny but amazing plant comes from Sierra Leone. The long yellow lip is attached to the column by the slenderest possible joint, so that it rocks without an instant's pause. At the tip is set a brush of silky hairs, which wave backwards and forwards with the precision of machinery.

No wonder that the natives believe it a living thing. The purpose of these arrangements is to catch flies, which other species effect with equal ingenuity, if less elaboration. B. Lobbii, for instance—a very pretty species from Java—has its lip suspended on a swivel. The fly lights upon the broad front lobe and advances. Quick as thought the delicate machinery shoots it upon the stigma by turning a somersault, and holds it imprisoned, struggling the while. Thus the flower is impregnated. A new species, B. Godseffianum, has lately been brought from the Philippines, contrived on the same principle, but even more charming. The flowers, two inches broad, have the colour of 'old gold,' with stripes of crimson on the petals; and the dorsal sepal shows membranes almost transparent, which have the effect of silver embroidery.

Until B. Beccarii was introduced from Borneo in 1867, the Grammatophyllums were regarded as monsters incomparable, Mr. Arthur Keyser, resident magistrate at Selangor, in the Straits Settlement, tells of one which he gathered on a durian tree, seven feet two inches high, thirteen feet six inches across, bearing seven spikes of flower, the longest eight feet six inchesa weight which fifteen men could only just carry. Mr. F. W. Burbidge heard a tree fall in the jungle one night when he was six miles away, and on visiting the spot he found 'right in the collar of the trunk, a Grammatophyllum big enough to fill a Pickford's van, just opening its golden-brown spotted flowers on stout spikes two yards long.' It is not to be hoped that we shall ever see monsters like these in Europe. The genus, indeed, is unruly. G. speciosum has been grown to six feet high, I believe, which is big enough to satisfy the modest amateur, especially when it develops leaves two feet long. The flowers are six inches in diameter, rich yellow blotched with reddish purple. have some giants at Kew now, of which fine things are expected. Within the last few months Mr. Sander has obtained G. multiflorum from the Philippines, which seems to be not only the most beautiful, but the easiest to cultivate of those yet introduced. Its flowers droop in a garland of pale green and yellow, splashed with brown-not loosely set, as is the rule, but scarcely half an inch apart. The effect is said to be lovely beyond description. Unfortunately there are only two plants in Europe as yet.

with over investigation of the objection. It Lebities

Inhear on oil or and - and a not relie a actor; were

The False Testamur.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE main street in Oxbridge was thronged with a hurrying procession of the nervous, the over-wrought, the sanguine, the learned, and the absolutely unreading undergraduate. For on this bright day of June the Schools opened, and with them the beginning of the end of toil. One after another came those foredoomed ones, and passed out of the sun-light into the stately, shaded precincts of the Schools. We have only to notice those who were in for Honours in Greats.

Hector Dalrymple, a reading-man, an 'unattached' student, poor and handsome, dependent on his brains for bread in the future, was one of these. He came striding rapidly down the street, quite cool and placid, though with an air of subdued resolution. He knew he was bound to do well, that it was only a question of putting forth all his strength, and that he might even hope for a First. But the goal seems so tremendous that even the good man dare not contemplate its attainment as a likelihood. Hector Dalrymple expected no less than a Second, and the possible First danced before his eyes, which refused to see it clearly in front of them. This sterling aspirant at an early hour elbowed his way quietly amongst a crowd of shiftless youths, who had been reading twelve hours a day for the last fortnight, in hopes to make two weeks do the work of two years, and who had just been suicidally partaking of 'testamur draughts' bought as a last resource in their despair, and after a word or two with a companion from one of the leading colleges he went and sat down in his place in the Schola Borealis.

Another student was at this moment entering these dread halls, a lady, also in for Greats; a very handsome creature, blue-eyed and dark, with a beautiful, though very slender figure, and a mobile, sensitive face. She walked rapidly, casting glances from side to side out of her dark blue eyes, the picture of fright. Had she been a man, she would have looked like a villain in a play; as a woman she looked simply very ill. So she was, since she had not slept all the previous night, and as she is the villain indeed of this small tragedy, let us introduce Miss Sapphira Mendoza, the talented Jewess, who is the hope of the Ladies' Colleges for this year, and thought certain of her First. After her come two fat buxom damsels, who know their books well, but have not profited by the thoughts therein contained. They are thought likely Thirds. Then a business-like girl, who looks as if she had no nerves and wished to do her best, Sapphira's only possible female rival. What became of them matters not; let us follow the Jewess; her place now happened to be next to that of Hector Dalrymple, and she was late. So just as that worthy ran his hands finally through his crop of ruddy curls and squared his broad shoulders over the paper that he had just taken in hand, he glanced up and just observed out of the corner of his eye a trembling, eager woman, who struck him as beautiful, flutter past him and seat herself next to him.

Then silence, the great room filled gradually, and soon only the scraping of pens was heard and occasional grunts and groans of irrepressible emotion from the unprepared and baffled student. The paper was on the History side and Dalrymple tackled it nicely. He wrote for an hour with fluency and despatch; then there came a question the answer to which demanded thought in an especial degree. Now the young man had by this time found out that the paper suited him and that he was doing well, so he determined in a moment that he would give himself every advantage of time in this answer, and do it leisurely, choosing style and reasoning of his best. So he bit his pen, ruffled his thick hair and glanced at the ceiling. There were spiders on the ceiling, that distracted, so Dalrymple instantly looked down again. His eyes wandered dreamily to his fair neighbour, and he started almost, so feverishly full of energy was her pose and countenance. She was writing hurriedly with a tremulous hand, but seemed to know well what she wanted to say, nor ever to pause in the saying. Dalrymple was just about to take her example of inward concentration to heart, and write again, when he caught sight of a small paper that had fluttered down between him and her, written-side uppermost, on to the floor. He scanned it to see if it was work of hers he should return to her. To his amazement and dismay, it was a stolen aid to memory, in short, a 'crib.'

What now should he do? Of course, he first tried to attract the attention of the Jewess, that she might pick up her property. That failing, for she was very studious, he thought of returning it to her himself, but then he flushed involuntarily at the idea of her certain confusion and shame at being thus detected. He decided finally he would leave it, for chance and she must decide between them what became of her dishonest venture. So he went back to his work resolutely, as before. Not one sentence had he written when he saw-dread sight-the fierce Invigilator hovering round! Instantly his whole mind was alert to save the lady. He dared not at first look towards the nasty slip of paper, lest peradventure that should bring to light its existence. But at last as he watched with bated breath he fancied that the Invigilator had seen it and was making straight towards it with inquisitive intent. The watchful Don had not yet, as a matter of fact, observed it, but Dalrymple thought so, and with a whirling sensation in his brain the young man snatched the paper and hastily stuffed it into his breast pocket. Not unseen, alas no! Fate bore hard on him at this momentous crisis of his life-the Invigilator saw the action, and made up to as hotly blushing a culprit as ever got caned at a public school.

'Sir, what is that paper?' asked the examiner, stopping in

front of Dalrymple's table.

'I don't know,' lamely asserted the young man, his cheeks as red as his hair.

'Nonsense, sir. Show it to me.'

Dalrymple stood up, at his wits' end, but did not at first obey the summons, which was repeated. Then with a horrible sinking at the heart, he produced the document.

The examiner, a keen, sarcastic fellow, one of the terrors of the University, turned it over and read it slowly through. It was a collection of references in Thucydides and Herodotus, interspersed with translations of various stiff bits which the compiler had evidently thought likely to be set in the exam. There was no doubt, no excuse.

The examiner turned to Dalrymple. At that moment the Jewess, hitherto engrossed in her writing, looked quickly up and saw her paper in the Invigilator's hands. She turned white, and remained speechless and horror-stricken during the following short conversation.

'Sir, your name and college?'

'Hector Dalrymple, unattached.'

'I am glad no college claims the honour. Is this—document —yours, sir?'

" It is.'

g

'It is not!' whispered an agonised voice, and Sapphira half rose, livid with shame and fear.

'The lady is kind enough to wish to screen me,' exclaimed Dalrymple, with decision, turning aside from Sapphira. 'The

paper is mine.'

'Step aside with me, sir, for a moment; we disturb the students,' said the examiner, sternly, and waved to Sapphira to be seated. 'Have you any explanation to offer?'

' None, sir.'

The Don looked very grave; it was a nasty thing to happen. He measured the culprit from head to foot.

'You know the consequences of this?' he inquired of Dalrymple, with raised eyebrows.

Dalrymple nodded in silence. It was coming.

'Leave the room, sir; you are excluded from the examination. And what further shall be decided with regard to you I will consult with my colleagues and communicate to you. You may go.

'Oh, I say!' burst out the young man involuntarily. The penalty nearly knocked him down, it sickened him so. He wavered on his feet an instant. The examiner glanced at him

contemptuously.

'Would you kindly go and shut the door, Mr. Dalrymple,' he said with ominous politeness, 'and remain outside?'

Hector drew himself together as well as he could and got out

of the room, a very wretched man.

There was a faint stir through the spacious schools as this strong man went forth so early, and round where the sad dialogue had taken place awed murmurs of commiseration or scorn were audible. But another candidate arose in haste and left the Schools, and that was Sapphira Mendoza.

CHAPTER II.

DALRYMPLE was walking rapidly in a kind of dream down the street, away towards the country, when a hurried step was heard by him, and he looked over his shoulder and beheld Miss Mendoza.

He could not speak, but waved his hand impatiently, as if to reproach her for her ill-timed exit.

'Do you know what you have done?' cried the Jewess, passionately.

'Yes,' said Dalrymple; 'and I know also that it is done. Why are you not working?'

'I could not stay. I wish to make all right again. I will go to the examiners. Heavens, what a terrible thing has happened!

I will explain all. Oh, sir, how could you!'

'Now, young lady,' returned Dalrymple, very distinctly and decidedly, 'this thing is done, and I will stand by it. Let us understand each other. I take this on myself, and go through with it. You go back. You have lost this one paper through impulse, but it is not fatal. Go and get your First, as everybody expects you to do, I hear, and say no word of this. No one will believe you,' he said, a little bitterly, 'and from this moment this is my affair. If you expose yourself, I will swear to the contrary. I entreat of you, accept this from me without more ado.'

'But you will be---'

'Expelled the University,' said Dalrymple, quickly. 'Well, I have chosen it; and I know you will take gracefully what I have been able, fortunately, to do for you. I must go. Do get your

First, as my compensation. Good-bye!'

He broke from her, and strode off across the river-bridge to the country, restless in his agony. She remained where she stood, speechless, and watched the tall, well-set figure, crowned with its ruddy curls, as if it had been some delivering angel's. She never forgot it all her life, and the scene in the Schools was rarely an hour out of her thoughts. But now it was all too strong for her, and she reeled and fell senseless on the ground.

The wife of the head of a college, rolling in her pretty barouche down the street, found her lying there by the bridge, and took her into the carriage and petted her, Sapphira saying as she returned to her senses that she had been compelled to come out from the

Schools, feeling ill.

'They will work so hard, these girls,' commented the wife of the great man, producing a smelling-bottle. She took Sapphira in to lunch, gave her a sofa and an hour's quiet afterwards, and then drove her back to the Schools in time for the afternoon's paper.

de la la contra la contra de la la contra de la contra del contra de la contra del la contra del

CHAPTER III.

THERE are some actions which, on the face of them, seem inexplicable, so bad, or so unworthy; but look into almost any act of villany closely enough, and you will see its raison d'être, and the causes which were productive of it. Sapphira's action was one of these.

0

d

One may well ask, how was it possible that an otherwise respectable woman could be guilty of so disgraceful a fraud as taking assistance with her into the schools?

Well, she was very poor. She had a mother to support, and that mother was ailing and in need of many things. Sapphira was also frightfully nervous. She had rather overworked herself for this. At the time when Greats were imminent a new college for women was building under very favourable auspices, and all that remained was to choose a capable head. Now the late Dr. Mendoza, Sapphira's father, had been a great student, and the author of famous, though little read, volumes on philology. He had before his death sent Sapphira to Oxbridge, where several literary men of his friends had kept their attention fixed on the girl, aiding her in study, and spreading intelligence of her learning and power of mind. They had harmed her in one way, by making her work too hard, and exciting her ambition; in another, they had served her by the reports they gave of her talent. Thus it came that it had through them been communicated to Miss Mendoza, that if she took a First, she might look upon her election to this headship as almost a certainty. These dons had told her this very kindly, out of desire to keep her up to the mark, and also to relieve her mind, harassed from without by the spectacle of her mother's poverty. This course, however, had they known it, was not judicious. The post was, for such things, extraordinarily lucrative, and at once Sapphira felt it must, it should, be hers. Ambition joined hands with Piety for once, and the result was Fraud.

Up till the last day before the Schools Sapphira was well enough, but on the last free afternoon her friend Camilla Davies, student and tutor of History at St. Frideswide's College for Women, took a long walk by the river with her, and found Sapphira very nervous. She would not talk, even to this her best-loved friend; she broke forth once into sudden, excited tears. She wished she could fairly drown herself and never know when the fatal morrow

arrived; above all, she doubted herself. Camilla tried to inspirit her by all the means in her power—tried to paint the joys of doing your best, and showing what is in you to men who know how to value it; then the glad ending, and the reasonable, well-earned triumph of the class. But Sapphira shivered, and declared in low tones of terror that she should get a Fourth. All that her friend could say in derision of this idea fell, as she herself perceived, unheeded on Sapphira's ear, and at last Camilla gave up in despair, led her back to the college, and privately besought the kindly Principal to send her up some strong beef-tea.

At night Sapphira took chloral. The dose was not sufficiently strong, and she did not sleep an hour. Horrible dreams of failure oppressed the sensitive Jewess, until she woke up once for all, and

sat through the night-watches sleepless upon her bed.

First thing in the morning—the fatal morning—came a letter from one Don, a message from another, and a visit from a third, the most interested in her of all, who besought her to remember what was expected of her as the daughter of the great Mendoza, the most promising candidate in this year, and the future head of

the new women's college.

He succeeded in finishing off the nerve of the breakfastless Sapphira, who went back to her little room sobbing bitterly, quite overwrought and almost lunatic with terror. The three other girls who were in the Schools to-day passed her room with kindly greetings. They were healthy country maidens, who had said their prayers, eaten a good breakfast, and put on cool summer dresses and a valiant, honest courage for their work. The Jewess looked up at them and wished them well from the bottom of her heart. At the sound of her tremulous salutation the girls were awed, and wondered within themselves that here should be the cleverest of them all, a woman who could have taken their small talents in her fingers and crushed them against any of the least of her great gifts, sitting on her small sofa, writhing, afraid.

They closed the door. Sapphira watched the clock. She took up a slip of paper on which she had written all the references she had most wished to make sure of, and she began (a fatal thing) to take her memory by surprise and force it to repeat them. Naturally, in her present state of strain, she had forgotten, or rather, her mind refused the sudden steeple-chase. Sapphira cried 'Ah!' and felt her last hope deserting her. She had

thought she knew her work; now it seemed she did not.

Camilla tapped at the door, ready hatted and booted, to conduct her friend towards the Schools.

Sapphira ground her teeth.

'A First I must have,' she determined; 'and if I cannot have it by fair means, God forgive me if I take it by false. If I lose my head, this paper will remind me. I must do it.'

Crushing the document into her pocket, she went out to Camilla and gave her one long kiss in silence. She felt she had sinned and, being a strong character in reality, she stood by her resolve, though a shameful one, and was calm from that instant. When the whole miserable scene of that first day was over, Sapphira, marvelling at herself as at a stranger, went mechanically back into the Schools and fearlessly did credit to herself. She worked now without emotion and she slept well at nights; the papers were as friends to her, so difficult and yet congenial-she shone in them. Poor Sapphira! The wretched scrap of paper which lowered her in her own mind for ever, and spoilt an honest man's career, was never used. She had merely pulled it out inadvertently from her pocket with her handkerchief, some minute or two before Dalrymple saw it lying on the floor. Why, Sapphira had forgotten its very existence! What were 'cribs' to her, whose intellect, stored with good things, only wanted occasion and the hour to overflow in generous abundance. The very references down in that paper were in the one set for the Schools, and she had written them without hesitation from her honest memory, and yet there they were lying even now on the examiners' table, a source of damning evidence against-Dalrymple.

And that unfortunate fellow all the time?

The first that saw or heard of him was his tutor, Mr. Jocelyn of St. Anselm's college. He had been hovering about the Schools at the time when the candidates emerged from the first paper, and as they came out he saw that something unusual had happened. The name Dalrymple came to his ear.

'Caught cribbing'—'queer thing, very'—'couldn't have believed it, could you? Thought he was all on the square if ever a man was.' 'What will they do with him, do you know?' asked some one with bated breath. 'Cut his tassel off his mortar-board in public?' suggested an egregious ass, who had once been plucked for an army exam., and had picked up some ideas of military discipline from hearsay. 'Oh, they'll expel him, of course; nasty thing though, and a sure First!'

These broken meats of information made Jocelyn seriously VOL. XVII. NO. XCIX.

uneasy. As soon as he could, he learnt the facts from the examiners, and was in a great state when he heard. He hoped Dalrymple would come to him, but this not happening, he went to his lodgings and walked unceremoniously in. There was Dalrymple, sure enough, and brandy and a tumbler—the rejected candidate lying listlessly on a sofa with his hands behind his head, staring about him.

'Dalrymple,' said Jocelyn, and choked. It was a horrid thing

to meet his favourite pupil so.

'Why, it's Jocelyn! Thanks, sir, thanks,' exclaimed Dalrymple, jumping up alertly and coming forward with his hand outstretched as if he were the honestest man in Oxbridge. But at sight of his tuter's half withdrawn hand and embarrassed manner he stepped back more quietly. 'I had wanted to come and see you at once, sir, but I didn't like,' he said. 'I suppose you have heard of my misfortune?'

'Why, yes,' said Jocelyn, reluctantly and coldly, 'and I thought I should like to hear more of it from you. I—thought—I—well, I had thought you were a different sort of fellow, Dalrymple.'

'Well, sir, I don't in the least wish to defy you, or to speak impertinently, but you see, I'm not. It is done now, and I

suppose we must make the best of it.'

'But, Dalrymple, surely you must have some excuse, some explanation to offer? Come, I haven't been a bad friend to you, we have played golf together and fished together, and been on reading parties together, and I am sure I sent you into the Schools as promising a fellow as any man could wish to see leave his hands. Tell me now, what's happened, what's up, man? What the devil have you been such a knavish, mean, poor-spirited, sneaking ass for?'

Saying this, Jocelyn arose from the chair he had involuntarily

taken and glared at his best pupil like a tiger.

Dalrymple shook his head quietly. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'I am a very unhappy man, and I beg you will not seek to know more. I want all the help you will I am sure give me as regards my future, which is all changed now; for I dare not meet my father, and I have no money to live upon.'

Jocelyn stared at him in sheer perplexity. Was Dalrymple off his head, or, what seemed to Jocelyn much the same thing, in

love, that he should do this thing?

'Before I can possibly help you, Dalrymple,' he said, 'I must

indeed have your confidence in this matter. You seem to have done a thing that—well, that unfits you for any serious walk in life. I must have some guarantee that this is your last—ahem! aberration.'

'I think, sir, my character does not justify you,' began Dalrymple, and then he saw that now it must, and he hung his diminished head and went a fierce red, but dared say no more.

'You are a very remarkable man, Dalrymple,' said his tutor after a pause, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of him. 'A very remarkable man; quite exceptional. I won't reproach you or point out what might have been; but here were you, to all human foresight sure of your First, universally respected, a career before you, perhaps even—who knows? a fellow-ship—and you go and do this thing! You know your own business, it is not for me to pry into your private concerns. I'm only your tutor, and if you refuse to make me your friend, why there!—go your own way for me.'

'Oh, Jocelyn, do you mind writing to my father?'

'Mind, of course I mind, very much.'

'All right, sir, only I thought perhaps you would,' said Dalrymple, sitting down with his head on his hands in such a

dispirited way that Jocelyn took pity.

'Well, well, Dalrymple, I must say a queerer, or more unlikely thing to have happened, I never could have dreamt; but if it has been done, which I can scarcely believe, you are still the Dalrymple I coached and hectored and would have gated if you'd lived in college, and so I suppose I must not desert you in your trouble. I'll write to the old gentleman and say what I can with no facts to guide me, and I'll speak about you if you'll let me know what you want to do, though I'm afraid things look bad for your immediate future. But what is this? Some light on the matter?'

A servant had brought in a letter. Dalrymple opened it

silently, read it through and handed it to his tutor.

'It has come at last, what I have been waiting here for, the formal notice they said they would send me when the class-list came out. Yes, do read it, sir.'

The letter ran thus :-

'Offices of Boards of Faculties, July -, 18-.

'SIR,—The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors have had your case under consideration, and the fact of your having been discovered in possession of a key to the possible questions in examination, at the time when the examination was being held, and of your re-

fusal to give any reasonable explanation of the circumstance, leaves them no alternative but to take the extremest measures. It is, therefore, my duty to inform you that you are no longer a member of the University, the Vice-Chancellor having ordered your name to be erased from its books.'

Then Jocelyn came forward with his hand out, and looked his disgraced pupil full in the face and said, 'There; you have it in black and white. Now, Dalrymple, come, come; as one man to another, what is it? What's happened?'

But Dalrymple only shook his head and stood and gazed vacantly at the mandate shutting him out from honour and a

livelihood.

At the same moment Sapphira Mendoza was lying across the small table in a little London garret-room, weeping bitterly, and holding in her hand a telegram from her tutor, just received, saying simply—

'Congratulate you. First.'

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

In due course Sapphira received the offer of the new Headship in all its flattering and profitable glories.

Sapphira had been very ill since the news of her First had come. All the disgrace of Dalrymple, and her own remorse and shame that a good man knew this thing, and that she had ruined him, weighed upon her mind until her health failed and she became the victim of grim hypochondria. She could not sleep, began taking chloral, and always dressed in black. To add to her sorrows, her mother died, and bitterness was added to Sapphira's tears by the thought that she had indeed lowered herself in vain. 'Had I known; had I but known that this would happen!' she moaned in her solitude, 'not for one moment would I have accepted my so false position. I ruined a man to support my mother, and here she lies!'

In this state of things she received the advantageous offer for which she had so ardently hoped and worked. She turned the letter over and over in her white fingers with a curious smile.

'Such a day this would have been,' she commented to herself,

She looked lovingly at the lines which paid to her genius so great a tribute. 'I have earned this, when all is said and done!' she

thought.

Sighing, she took out pen and paper and wrote a grateful letter to the authorities, declining the post they had done her the honour to offer her, but begging to introduce to them a worthy candidate in the person of Miss Camilla Davies, history tutor at St. Frideswide's, a lady whose literary distinction and charm of manner would qualify her to do justice to the honour if their choice should fall on her. After writing a true but vividly laudatory testimonial for Camilla, the Jewess sent off that letter, and wrote a line to Miss Davies herself, begging her to come at once to talk over an important matter. Camilla came, a welcome visitor to a somewhat dreary house, a rosy, pretty young lady dressed in light blue on this hot August day, and bearing a nosegay of sweet cottage flowers, for she had come straight from her mother's in Dorsetshire, whither she had gone for the long vacation.

Sapphira laid before her the offer, her own refusal, and her wish that Camilla should fill the place.

Miss Davies looked very grave, and the colour left her pretty face. 'I do not understand, dear; you hoped for this.'

'I have got it. I care for it no more.'

'Dear friend,' said Camilla, and paused, dumbfoundered. Sapphira besought her. 'I am not competent,' said Camilla. 'You are powerful, full of learning, worthy, whilst I—oh, impossible!'

'I have refused; remember that,' said Sapphira. 'If you decline this, you do me no good, and lose much for yourself.'

'And why have you refused? Oh, the folly of it, Sapphira! You must—pardon me, old comrade—you must be in love: that alone can excuse this midsummer madness. You must be going to marry.' Camilla sighed, thinking of a certain University Extension lecturer whom she happened to know.

'No, Camilla; my health is broken, and I have not energy for

the post.'

'But you need the money, my friend. If I may say so without

offence, how do you propose to support yourself?'

'I know not,' sighed Sapphira; 'I must see. Meantime, you spoke of money. In a few years, if you are saving, the salary of this position will make you independent; think of that. You can marry. You can go abroad for historical research. You can

do-all that I ever hoped for you, which is more than your un-

selfish nature ever contemplated for yourself.'

Camilla's sweet face blushed more rosily. She looked anxious still. 'I wish it were not quite so great a prize for me,' she objected, 'then I might be more sure I should be doing rightly.'

'True Kantian, sweet; you mistrust a course of action the

moment it seems pleasant.'

Camilla thought it over for several days. Then her native good sense warned her to accept, and she did. The college offered her the post in due form, for the recommendation of Sapphira Mendoza was considered sufficient proof of her competence, and she took it, and has filled it, in spite of her youth, most worthily. But before she left Sapphira, she broke her bottle of chloral out of the topmost window, rated her roundly for eating nothing, and tried to win her confidence. The two friends kissed each other at their farewell, and Sapphira yearned to tell Camilla all; but her respect for the straightforward, loving girl before her chained her tongue, and she only said, piteously:

'Pray for me, sweetheart; I am very unhappy.'

So she had need to be, for, besides the extra trouble she made for herself by her remorseful spirit, she had now great anxiety for her daily bread, and the protection of a mother was denied to her.

After making the sacrifice of this lucrative and honourable post, a sacrifice which Sapphira deemed essential to appease her own angry conscience, she at first remained entirely inactive. spent day after day lying on her sofa, plunged into morbid dreams, only varied by long sleepless nights, or heavy slumbers induced by the drug chloral. Ultimately she found that things had to be very different. Money had to be made for her to live upon. Sapphira might have had many a good position offered her through her high class, but she would not seek these. The accomplished classic, the accurate logician, the original philosopher, remained in her dreary garret in London, teaching astonished pupils at a small sum, which she requested to have paid her regularly at small intervals. And, when this did not bring in enough, writing articles of marvellous merit for third-rate newspapers, or filling up her scanty leisure with exquisite pieces of fine needlework, to be sold at a nominal price to big shops, there to be parted with at a huge figure, but not exceeding their worth, for the benefit of the trade which made a profit so enormous on them.

CHAPTER II.

MEANTIME Hector Dalrymple had not been without his adventures. There had been a fuss at home about his expulsion from the University, and it had been made evident to him that the paternal hearth was not exactly his proper sphere at the present. Moreover, the old gentleman declined to contribute anything towards the further maintenance of his son, and desired that, at any rate until further notice, he might remain in ignorance of the precise whereabouts and mode of existence of that same scion of his house. A little later on, transferring his affection more entirely to a younger brother of Hector's, Dalrymple senior caused family pride to co-operate with inclination so successfully that he disinherited his eldest son in favour of this younger, and Hector was finally shut out in the cold.

'Not that I can exactly quarrel with the governor's feelings,' remarked Dalrymple, as the news reached him of this decision. 'I can't say that the action—if I had done it—is one of which a man would expect his father to be proud,' and he smiled somewhat humorously to himself.

Jocelyn kept his promise of trying to help the young man in his sore need, but it was uphill work to get anything for him to do, the shade on his reputation was too recent; and though the unfortunate episode could not have happened at a better place than Oxbridge for remaining unknown by the ιδιώται of the outer world, yet a stain, however slight, is ever the subject of amused interest to all minds, good or bad, provided they be small enough. Dalrymple, with every advantage, personal and mental, found he could not make his way, with that small whisper at his heels. He fell into great poverty, and though he never lost his constitutional good-humour, his brows were often bent with care and disappointment. He tried office work, but fell foul of the monotony, and escaped the minute he thought he had found something better. This 'something better' was the sub-editorship of a new evening paper, which all his brains and industry could not keep from failing ignominiously in three weeks, through lack of capital. He was once a printer's devil, being nigh on starvation, when Jocelyn found a convenient Crossus for him, who wanted a tutor to take his son abroad and teach him the classics in the railway train. The engagement was made and Dalrymple was ready to start, when Papa unluckily heard some rumour of 'that peculiar incident in the Schools, don't you know?' and although his son was a remarkably unsatisfactory youth, he naturally did not want a tutor for him whose own character was not beyond reproach. So in this, as in other subsequent ventures, the little discreditable report pursued Dalrymple like a fury, and stepped between him and all advancement. Hector was just about to ask a friend to lend him some money to go to the colonies, when something

really likely presented itself to his harassed mind.

A large and formerly flourishing boys' school in London was just in a critical condition, owing to the second master having got into some disgrace, which had frightened off the parents. This man of course had left, and the head master, an old man who had been accustomed to rely on his second in all matters of importance, consulted Jocelyn as to the choice of a successor to him. The place had been offered to two or three good men, who had declined it owing to the slur on the name of the school at present. On the other hand, those who had come forward as applicants were not good scholars, and the old head master, who knew good and evil, would have none of them. The undaunted Jocelyn, on being applied to for suggestions, at once put up his man Dalrymple, whose learning and accuracy he vaunted with all the warmth that the sense of having coached an able man can give. A personal interview between Hector and the master settled the question; the old man, charmed with the honest, young, handsome face, satisfied with the evidences he gave of competency, and taking, in short, a violent fancy to his personality, engaged him on the spot. This gave Dalrymple what he had not until now attained, a fixed position and salary, and he entered upon his duties with his usual placid energy, a happy man.

Dalrymple had often wondered in the course of his adventures what had become of the fair enemy to whom he was indebted for them all. The news of her First had reached his ear, then nothing more about her. Hector was dimly conscious of a great desire to see again the face that had seemed to him so beautiful, and he used to dream of the deep blue eyes, and awake sighing. This used to surprise and amuse him a good deal when he thought of it. However, the wish to see Sapphira again remained. He went one evening with his old principal to a large dinner-party, some two months after his new appointment, and there he met Miss Camilla Davies, looking very radiant, and comely, and youthful, as the head of the new women's college. Dalrymple stood and watched her for a while after dinner as she sat between an old

lady, who was talking kindly to her, and a young admirer, who was hovering (happily ignorant of that University Extension lecturer in the background) behind her chair. 'She must have been nice,' meditated Dalrymple, meaning Sapphira, 'with such a nice friend.' And the logic of his remark was not so weak as it may appear.

Now Miss Camilla Davies had danced with Dalrymple at Commemoration balls, and had been his partner in a tennis tournament, so when she had heard of his scandalous misconduct she had been very much astonished and more than a little sorry. However, being a lady who never cut her friends, when she saw him glancing at her with evident wish and fear to greet her, she rose and came to him with frankness to shake hands, wondering as she did so, how a man could look as he did and yet be an impostor.

'How do you do, Mr. Dalrymple?' she said kindly. 'I was so pleased to hear of your appointment two months ago; and since you have been there one hears the school is rising in importance every day, and regaining all its old prestige.'

'You are very kind,' said Dalrymple, duly flattered; and feeling confidence in this charming person he asked abruptly, 'Miss Mendoza is an acquaintance of yours, is she not?'

'My best friend, Mr. Dalrymple.'

'I have often wondered what became of her and her talents.'

Camilla looked up sharply, and observed the tall and rosyhaired Scot profoundly blushing. Her girlish nature scented a romance, and she replied alertly:

'Oh, Sapphira was offered my place before me, and rejected it.'

'Indeed? I am glad there was found so worthy a substitute. But what made her refuse? Is she a wealthy lady of leisure?'

'Dear Sapphira, no! She has not a penny, and supports herself entirely by her brains. It was the strangest thing her refusing! She had expected and hoped for the offer. We all thought there must have been a love affair in the way.'

'And was there?'

'No, I don't think so—but it was very strange. Because, think—not only the honour but the money was wanted. And then her terrible depression of spirits!—it would have been inexplicable, only that——'

'Only what?'

'Well, I am telling you too much.'

'Not at all; I feel a great interest in this lady.' But Camilla would unfold no more, and began to talk brightly on other subjects.

Meantime the two were being watched with interest by the slighted youth behind Camilla's chair. He found himself next Dalrymple's old superior officer and said vindictively to him:

'Who's that long fellow talking to Miss Davies?'

'A handsome, red-haired man?' said the principal; 'why, don't you speak disrespectfully of him, young man! He is my right hand, my heir in the school, I intend, the most brilliant, the most industrious, and the pleasantest fellow I ever came across. I look to him to make the future of my school. His name is Hector Dalrymple.'

'Hector Dalrymple? Dalrymple? Indeed! What do I know of Hector Dalrymple? Why, that was the name of the man who came to such grief at Oxbridge! Curious story, very. I am

glad he is getting on so well!'

'Story—what story, sir?' petulantly exclaimed the old man, who had already had enough of stories in connection with his under-masters.

'Don't you know how Hector Dalrymple came to leave the University, and why he never took his degree?'

' No, not I,' said the principal nervously.

'Well, he was expelled, sir; expelled for taking a crib into the Schools.'

'Good heavens!'

'Fact, sir; I was in Oxbridge at the time and nothing else was talked of. Now I see his full face, I recognise the fellow immediately. He was quite a marked man, for nothing had been said against him before that day.'

The old principal looked much shaken, left the party at an early hour, and went home to wait for Dalrymple. Hector turned up a full hour later, whistling merrily, but as he was on his way to his

own rooms the principal called him into the library.

'Look here, Dalrymple, I want to speak to you. I have heard something to-night, a disagreeable story, and I wish to have it out with you.'

Hector paled visibly and drew in his breath.

'What sort of story, sir?'

'A very disgraceful story, sir,' said the principal sternly, 'and a very mean story. So distasteful is it to me to pry into these things that I would not make any further inquiries from the authorities at Oxbridge until I should have given you a fair chance to speak first and clear yourself, as I suppose you will be able to do?'

'You allude, sir, I presume, to the reasons for my leaving Oxbridge before I had completed the regular course of study?'

'I do, Mr. Dalrymple. Pray tell me, why did you leave the

University?'

'Because I was expelled, sir. Upon my word, I thought Jocelyn had told you all about it!'

'It is true, then—the cribbing, and all?' the principal leant back in his chair and breathed hard.

'Sir,' said Dalrymple, 'I have worked well for you, I think?'

'You have, Dalrymple, you have,' cried the old man, his voice breaking into a sob. 'This makes it very hard for me to seem ungrateful, and to deprive myself—— Leave me, sir, I must decide on this matter alone.'

'For heaven's sake, sir,' said Hector, leaning over the old man's chair affectionately, 'if you mean to send me away, say so now. It is a blow to me, I confess. I thought you knew the whole wretched business from beginning to end, and that you had decided that one false step need not ruin a man's whole career. But if you must send me away, send me now. Don't let it hang over me for even one night; it is not a new thing to me, sir, to be mistrusted, and I will bear it quietly, and not annoy you by protesting.'

There was silence in the dusky room. The old man buried his face in his hands and thought. Hector stood behind him and looked at the clock, and listened to its low, mysterious ticking, to

give himself occupation in his suspense.

At a minute before twelve the principal spoke.

'Dalrymple,' he said, 'my school is still under the shadow of an old reproach. This stain I trusted to you to remove. You have deepened it by coming here. I have never met a man I liked as well as you. Had I ever had a daughter, it is you to whom I could most gladly have confided her. And you have worked well for me. I believe you like me. Listen to me. Tomorrow week a steamer leaves for Australia.' He rose and unlocked a bureau. 'Here are fifteen pounds. Will that pay your passage out?'

The clock struck twelve in low, subdued beats.

'Begin a new life, Dalrymple. Turn your back on the old world, and on everyone who has ever known you, and start afresh. That is my advice to you.'

'Thank you, sir; I will take it,' said Hector. 'I do not know what else I can do. I must accept your money for the present at

least. Look after Tom Black, sir; he is your best boy at the moment. He is under Simmons, but Simmons does not understand him; if you would give him a look now and then—— Black's verses are indifferent, sir; that wants looking to. Good night. I hope you will allow me to leave you to-morrow; I have several things to set in order before going. I am very sorry to occasion you this unpleasantness, sir. Good night.'

Hector made his adieux rapidly, for the interview was very painful. A week afterwards he was on his way out to a land for which he felt not the smallest interest—an exile from everything

he cared for in life.

CHAPTER III.

DALRYMPLE went out to the goldfields to a cousin, but made nothing of that. He tried resolutely and with patience, but only was robbed by a more prosperous partner, and finally came in for a share in his failure; so at last, returned to his normal penniless condition, he retreated in search of bread to Melbourne. There on inquiry he found that the college of Harborough wanted an able scholar to fill the post of professor of history. Dalrymple applied, and his application was received with civil and genial consideration. The authorities demanded his credentials.

'I have none,' said Dalrymple, smiling amiably. 'I cannot produce any references—at least, I had rather not. I have received the education of a gentleman, and I am supposed to have brains. I have the necessary qualifications to fill your post;

otherwise I am an adventurer.'

'Well, sir,' said the Head, laughing a little at the eccentric account of himself given by this pleasant-looking young man, 'this is the land of adventure; but I don't know that we should be justified in taking you on the sole information you have just supplied me.'

'Will you allow me to give one lecture in your hall two nights hence, to hear what I can do?' asked Dalrymple, who by many struggles was rendered alert to snatch a favourable chance for

himself.

For the sake of the novelty the authorities smilingly agreed.

On the evening of that important Wednesday, Hector Dalrymple, with his lecture in his pocket, was crossing Coronation Road on his way to the college, when the door of No. 25 opened, a lady in black stepped out, and Dalrymple came face to face

with Sapphira Mendoza!

There was utter silence between the two for a moment. Then Hector found himself vociferating eagerly: 'Oh, Miss Mendoza, what have you been doing all this while? I seem to have lost sight of you so long!'

'Ever since you delivered me,' murmured Sapphira like one in a dream; 'I thought you came like the angels, only once.' She went whiter and whiter; instinctively, Dalrymple drew her arm

within his and she leant upon him.

'I am sorry to have startled you,' began Hector gently. She began to sob. 'Where can I take you to rest?' he added, unwillingly. She looked round her vaguely. 'I was going to Harborough College,' she said.

'Then let us go,' said Dalrymple, and they walked forward

together.

'Do not speak to me of anything else,' exclaimed Sapphira most earnestly, 'but tell me, how can my dreadful action be setright? Can I send my hand-writing to the examiners and have

it compared with the piece they found?'

'What, Miss Mendoza, still thinking of the old trouble! The little scrap of paper will have been long since destroyed, I have weathered through any unpleasantness there was, and I entreat you not to give the subject a single moment of consideration more.'

'I have spoilt your life, all in one instant; I scarcely know how it was done. I shall never be able to forgive myself, nor to look you in the face, nor to know self-respect again. All this I see, but what I cannot see is, how to make amends—how to put

things right for "ou again."

Dalrymple considered what he should say to her, and finally replied: 'Between ourselves, that cannot be done. It would give us both far more trouble and mortification than it is worth to try, and our attempt even then would most probably be unsuccessful. Let all this be set-behind us, Miss Mendoza, or only remembered as a secret between us two—a bond of union between us—it is so pleasant to meet you again!'

'It was a great thing you did for me, sir; I have never for an

hour forgotten it.'

'You make far too much of it, Miss Mendoza.'

'Too much!' murmured Sapphira with a low laugh-too

much! Mr. Dalrymple,' she exclaimed eagerly, looking him full in the face; 'my First was fairly gained—I must tell you—I cannot bear the opinion you must have had of me—let me tell you, for we may not meet again. I never used that horrible paper; my First, such as it was, came to me by fair means.'

'I am very glad to hear it, Miss Mendoza,' said Dalrymple heartily. 'I confess I always thought there was some mistake.'

'No mistake anywhere,' said Sapphira. 'I brought the dishonest paper of references myself. I need not explain my reasons, the fact speaks for itself—but believe me, the one thing I am thankful for is this, I never used it.'

There was a certain vanity in this confession; poor Sapphira could bear that Dalrymple should think anything that was bad of her, save only that her First was not the genuine product of her own genius.

'Stay, I have to lecture!' exclaimed Dalrymple, suddenly, as they reached the college entrance. 'Excuse me, I must go; I

stand or fall by this.'

'Are you the lecturer I was to hear?'

'Certainly,' said Dalrymple smiling with excitement and inward joy; 'but you have put it all out of my head.' He took Sapphira to a foremost place in the great wide Hall, and then withdrew for a few minutes. The head of the college entered, followed by a crowd of people whose faces, avocations, talents were all unknown to Hector. He felt a thrill run through him. He slowly came forward and ascended a species of dais from which he was to speak, and drew out his manuscript and gave a look round at the crowd. He dared not glance towards Sapphira, but the magnetism of her presence interpenetrated him; he knew that the deep blue eyes of which he had so often dreamed, those glorious sad eyes were fastened on his face; he felt there was one soul in this strange multitude that knew him.

Then, with a sudden impulse, he threw up his head and

dashed his carefully prepared lecture on the floor.

'My unknown friends,' he said, in a strong loud voice, 'I. come before you a stranger, to make you know me. Can I read stiff platitudes to you? I have chosen to speak to you of the ill-fated Sicilian expedition, of the old grievous drama which you all know the facts of. You know the tale most probably as well as I, let me paint it for you once again, and try and win your sympathy, for I feel your minds are sick of commentators and analysis. Listen then; recall this with me.'

And his eloquence blazed forth. He spoke as he could not have believed it was in him to speak. He knew himself no more, but felt under enchantment, as if nothing could surprise him, and all the time his words flashed out in a grand series, ever heightening in intensity and glow. It was a dramatic picture rather than a lecture; indeed, to say truth, it was a little insincere, for Hector was self-conscious enough to throw in here and there bits of rarer erudition, which seemed to give tone to his gorgeous verbiage. People breathed hard as they listened; some thrilled, others even wept; but the more learned nodded their heads approvingly at the hints of his more serious accomplishments. He ended, and the assemblage broke up with applause, but the crowd shut out Sapphira, and Dalrymple went back to his lodging, a lonely stranger still. Next day a deputation from the college waited upon him and told him: 'Sir, by your lecture of last night we find that you are the man for us. So we offer you the professorship of history at Harborough College and its emoluments, without further inquiry, and we look to you to fill the post wisely.'

Dalrymple accepted the honour very gratefully, and with the satisfactory sense that here was at last a position where, if scandalous rumours did pursue him, they would not be allowed any weight against his services. He has always laughed to himself at the recollection of the manner in which he obtained this appointment; and says it is the only time in his life when he has been an impostor, for he tried to be showy, and succeeded.

But the very next afternoon Dalrymple called at 25 Coronation Road; and, ushered in by an inarticulate, shy servant-girl, he startled the Jewess almost as much this second time of meeting. He found Sapphira Mendoza reclining on a small sofa, looking gloomily regal in a long black robe, and she was engaged in coaching two young men from Harborough College in the Republic of Plato.

Dalrymple paused, embarrassed, at the threshold, and Sapphira, taken a second time unawares, uttered a suppressed exclamation, and covered her white face with her hands. The young men she was lecturing, supposing this to be the next pupil, gathered up their books, made their salutations, and went. Dalrymple therefore stepped forward to one of the vacant chairs.

The Jewess drew in her breath with a long sigh of pleasure, and her face lighted up with the joy she felt in the presence of the only person on earth whose enemy she had been.

'I have never heard yet,' began Hector, 'whether there is any sublunary cause for our wonderful reunion. What brought you here, Miss Mendoza?'

'I am assistant-lecturer in Greek at Harborough College,'

explained Sapphira.

'Then you have refused an advantageous post in England for an inferior one here?'

'You do not understand,' said Sapphira, passionately. 'Can you suppose that I would accept any good thing that came to me through my First in Greats, which should have been yours? This place was offered to me on account of some articles of mine in Mind. I could, therefore, take it with a clear conscience; it was no reward of my degradation.'

"Degradation"?' repeated Dalrymple, frowning, to himself. I know of no degradation. If I chose to act in a certain way.

that was no affair of yours.'

'I might have stopped you. I might have done so much for honour's sake,' moaned Sapphira. 'I thought then that I could not bear the disgrace of being exposed as a cheat; now I know it would have been far easier than to have given you a moment's pain.'

'Sapphira!' cried Dalrymple quickly, and at the sound of her name spoken by his lips, the eyes of the enamoured Jewess shone

into a sudden beautiful smile.

Encouraged by that smile, Dalrymple rose and stood close by her.

'I must explain myself,' he said. 'If you will forgive me, I will speak now. It seems to me meanness to hide my feelings. Sapphira, I won't deny that your beauty has had much to do with it—for I hardly can be said to know you very well—but I had you continually in my thoughts wherever I have gone, I am so intensely relieved and happy to be once more in your company and hear you speak, that it nerves me to ask you, will you never mind the past, but give me your hand as my wife and let us for the future take our adventures together?'

'No, a thousand times no!' cried Sapphira. 'What, spoil

your life and then accept your devotion? Never!'

'I do not know what you mean by a spoiled life. I am very comfortable, in all but my love.'

'You offer this to me!' murmured Sapphira, in an agony of shame and remorse.

'Yes, I ask you to share my poverty. Even your self-tormenting nature cannot object to that gift.'

'You offer me a heart the most courageous, the most chivalric,

the most loyal, that I have ever known. By what right can I take it, I who have already taken too much from you?'

'Sapphira, between you and me, what does it matter about that affair? We have neither of us anything to reproach ourselves with. Thank goodness, your brilliant First was fairly secured; I had my wish also, and here we are, two friends in a strange world, with our secret between us. A conscience, dearest Sapphira, is a good thing if timely, but it all depends on observing the unities of time and place. Why have a conscience two years after the event? Come, I know that is no reason and I fear the true one—you do not know me, you cannot care for me.'

'Not? I would die for you!' Sapphira murmured with her glorious eyes ablaze.

'But not let me be happy, eh?'

'It is not for your happiness to link yourself with me.'

'Here, again, let me be judge of my own actions. Think only of yourself; could you be happy?'

'At last I have found something I may give up for you,' said the Jewess, 'and the greatest thing I could give up—yourself.'

'Oh, rubbish!' expostulated Dalrymple. 'You mean you could not love me.'

Sapphira wept and was silent, daring not to speak, for she was half-persuaded. She begged Dalrymple to go and leave her time to reflect.

'All right,' he replied; 'here is my address—write to-night if you can, or at least to-morrow; or else I will come, if you like better, to learn your decision. But, if it is unfavourable, I shall not consider it final.'

He went slowly towards the door, reluctant to leave her weeping. At the threshold he turned and looked at her doubtfully a while. 'I don't feel sure that you really wish me to go,' he said hesitatingly.

Sapphira sighed deeply, though she said nothing.

Dalrymple walked quickly back to her side and said hurriedly: 'If you will not listen to my love, Sapphira, listen to my loneliness. I am here an adventurer, of shady antecedents, living on my knowledge of history. There is one person on this Continent who might trust me, and she—refuses. Sapphira!' But at this last appeal the Jewess cast her conscience to the

So they were married and will never be rich, but they are perfectly happy and likely to be famous.

winds and threw herself into his arms.

Never were two such lovers. They would stand in company oblivious of all comings and goings, gazing into each other's eyes till empty space was made round them and they were left

wondering to find themselves alone.

Sapphira's emotions were always stronger than those of the herd of placid folk, and her rapturous and dreamy happiness was the surprise of all. Dalrymple took things outwardly more quietly, but he had no one in the world to care for but his wife, and she was everything to him. They were last seen somewhere in the country on their long vacation, taking their breakfast in the open air, Sapphira in a perfect suit of white and dark blue, with a flower at her breast (sure token of an attentive husband), Dalrymple placidly smoking a cigar and rallying his beautiful wife. They looked—as indeed they were—a pair of arrant adventurers. Sapphira is a Bohemian by nature; Dalrymple has become one by necessity. They were correcting proofs of the book they are writing together on the 'Secret of Hegel.'

It will be a good book and a notable, for they are both original minds, and there has always been a slight coolness between Jocelyn of Anselm's and Hale of St. Veep's, because the latter asserts that his pupil, Sapphira Mendoza, was far away the most brilliant scholar of her year, whilst Jocelyn indignantly affirms that she is greatly surpassed by his pupil, Hector Dalrymple, and that he could have given her points in almost all his subjects if only he had not had that curious little affair which, ahem! prevented

his taking his degree.

Naturally, as he did not take it, the moot point can never be settled in this world.

PERCY ROSS.

The 'Donna' in 1890.

By the Author of 'Charles Lowder.'

'FROM what I have heard,' a witty Frenchwoman once said, 'men are not essentially bad. They are forgetful, frivolous, taken up with their amusements, their work, their ambition, or their club; they are busy about too many things to complete even one; but happily we are there, we women, and all the good they accomplish is due to our perseverance. Therefore, when you feel it right to plead in a good cause, do not fear to weary by the repetition of your requests; take a woman's line, it is the best—Persevere!'

Whatever grain of truth there may be in her playful estimate of the virtue of persistence, the kindness of the readers of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE has made the yearly statement of the work of the 'Donna' a pleasant task in which to persevere; the rather because we hope to gain fresh friends for the friendless each year, since the generous donations sent during the last six years have not for the most part been regular subscriptions. The 'Donna' has lived from hand to mouth, but the hand has been filled in no niggard fashion. May it be so still! For as long as there are men unemployed and hungry who are willing to work, it is difficult to think that anything but good can be done by selling food to them, ready cooked, at less than it costs. Just now, anything connected with the docks or dockmen seems out of public favour, and we cannot much wonder at it; -as in the case of Irish landlords, the good must suffer cruel injustice for the faults of the bad. The account given here of the 'Donna,' a truck daily laden with nourishing food at half-cost for men out of work, has at least this merit, that it gives the experience of those who live amongst the men and know them individually, and speak of the things which they know.

In a letter just received from the Sister in charge of the Workmen's Restaurant, 42 A Dock Street, from which the 'Donna' truck is sent, she says, 'Without the support of LONGMAN'S we could not possibly support the "Donna"; it depends entirely on the readers of the Magazine.' Of course it is much to be desired that 'casual labour' should cease, and with it the work of the 'Donna.' Meantime we are most glad to find that the number of casual dock labourers is less by 25 per cent. than it was last year, and that the money taken at the 'Donna' truck very nearly corresponds with this decrease of casual labour. Sixteen shillings in halfpence are now taken daily, whilst twenty shillings a day were received this time twelvemonth. This is so far satisfactory, both as marking a large decrease in casual labour and as proving that the 'Donna' does not attract vagrants from all parts of London. but exists for the benefit of men employed at the docks as casual hands, willing for work, and themselves contributing largely to its support. Of these, from eight to nine hundred are employed when much work is going on at the docks; during the wool sales, or when Christmas fruit comes in, as at this time, from fifty to five hundred hands may be called for at any moment. The chief cargoes are fruit, fish, and vegetables; the fish has all to be carried to the market. When the large vessels come in the foreman of the yards comes to the gate and calls out the number of men wanted. Very often the foreman has but an hour's notice of the arrival of a vessel, and sometimes three or four come in together, especially at this time of year.

At times there is work for the men all along the new wharf; they may have it for a day or a day and a-half, and then nothing at all for two or three days; but there the men are on chance of employment. In summer work is very slack, and most of them go hop-picking or hay-making, but are back in time for the ships coming in with supplies for the Christmas markets. We are anxious to say distinctly that the 'Donna' was established in order to bring wholesome and hot food within reach of these men when unemployed, and that it is carried on for their benefit.

There are only two trucks now sent to the unemployed—the 'Don' at Tower Hill, supported by subscriptions, and the 'Donna.' Both have gone on the whole year. Trucks for the *employed*, which have been mentioned in former articles, selling food at cost price, are no longer sent within the docks, since by a new arrangement the men are allowed to leave the docks for half-anhour, and they prefer coming to the Restaurant to dine. It is

crowded with dockmen during the dinner half-hour, and their favourite fare at the trucks is still in great demand—pea-soup and jam-roll.

There are many guide-books to the 'Sights of London,' but I doubt whether any sight more touching and suggestive of thought could be found than that which may be witnessed any day between twelve and two o'clock in Lower Thames Street, close to London Bridge. In a quiet corner off the thronged thoroughfare, the Kilburn Sisters have been allowed to put up a little iron shed, where a Sister—often accompanied by a lady-helper—takes her stand in all weathers, and unpacks a number of tins of hot soup and pudding from a truck, the 'Donna,' which a man has wheeled after her from Dock Street.

'On a certain snowy day last winter,' one lady-helper writes, 'as twelve o'clock struck, all was in readiness. Sister A., in charge of the soup-can, has already a row of steaming basins on the counter in front of the shed: my duty is to dispense the puddings-"plum," an ingenious compound of bread, flour, dripping, raisins, and treacle; and "plain," which is only good, firm, suet dumpling, with salt. Of these I have cut up a small mountain with a delightful knife, so contrived that it will only cut slices of a regulation size. And now the dinnerless unemployed crowd in a miserable shivering crew. But they treat the Sister with respect, and even with a rough politeness. "Please do not push," she says, and the crowd fall back instantly. They form into line, and the stream files past, haggard faces looking up at me in turn, with the order-"Ha'porth of plain" -"Ha'porth of plum." Lo! my mountain has melted away, and I betake myself to the knife, a hand closing over each slice as it falls, and bearing it off.

'In about ten minutes the great rush was over. The "quiet corner," or rather tiny courtyard, is separated from the street by high iron railings. It was empty, except for untrodden snow, when we arrived; now the snow was all slush, and the court quite full of diners. They did not seem to notice that the falling flakes were soaking through their threadbare garments, and the mud oozing through worn-out boots. The men were starving, and here was food at a nominal price. Just outside, with wan faces pressed against the railings, were a few who did not even possess one halfpenny, watching their more fortunate comrades with famished eyes.

'A lad who had bought a "ha'porth o' stew," seeing a little boy

eagerly watching each mouthful he ate, fed him with the spoon through the rails; and, when the basin was empty, asked for another, and shared it with the outsider.

'An old man inside, having finished his portion, said piteously, "Please, ma'am, I feel very starved-like; would you object to me picking up them crumbs of pudden as have fallen on the ground?" Permission was given, and this poor Lazarus stooped down to pick

small fragments from the cold wet stones.'

'We were very busy at the "Donna" food truck,' a Sister writes, but at last the bell rang, and the men hurried away, fearing to lose any chance of a job. One ragged-looking fellow lingered, watching us as we wiped the counter and brushed the crumbs into a plate, and at last asked bashfully if he might have the crumbs, muttering something about "awful peckish." We gave him a free meal of hot soup and pudding. He glanced at it with the look in his eyes which we have seen too often, and which means—starvation; after his dinner he seemed inclined to open his heart to us.

"I don't know," he said, "if you are the Sisters of Mercy who was kind to me some time ago when I fell down in a fit nigh London Bridge. I am subject to fits; I can't get work—they won't take me. I get into a "Salvation" place sometimes to sleep; other nights I walk the streets. Thank you, ma'am, for my dinner; it's done me a lot of good, and I know the likes of

you don't grudge it." '

A strange, silent old man often came for food; among many dejected faces one could not help noticing his. At last the Sister said, 'You look very ill and sorrowful.' He lifted his grey head then, and spoke eagerly: 'Sister, would you go and see my son? he's ill—and starving.' When he knew that she was daily visiting his son and taking him food his face grew a little brighter, but he seldom spoke, and his boots and clothes seemed every day more shabby. At last the Sister said, 'Do tell me about yourself; cannot I come and see you? Where do you live?'

The answer almost frightened her, for the old man burst into tears, which he struggled in vain to keep back, and his voice was shaken with bitter sobs. 'The only house I have now is the street,' he said, 'and the only food I ever eat is what I get here; and God knows how I wish it were all over, and I might rest. I've even thought of the workhouse, but I can't—I can't. I've been an honest working-man all my life, and I can't end my days there. My son, poor boy, doesn't know; I couldn't tell him, for

he's trouble enough of his own to bear, not able to earn anything for his young wife, or for his sick baby.' Not long after, the old man ceased to appear, and the Sister went to make inquiries for him at his son's. 'He's disappeared, Sister,' was the answer, 'and I can't look for him.' He was here last Monday, and he looked at poor baby a long time, and said, "Ah, baby and me will soon be going home—going home." Then he went away; and whether he's dead or alive we can't tell. Efforts were made after this to trace him, but they were fruitless.

The poor fellows show their gratitude when they can. One of the dockmen brought a bunch of grapes to a Sister at a truck, and begged her to accept them. 'It is very kind of you,' she said, 'but don't you want them for yourself?' 'No, I brought them on purpose for you.' They were thankfully accepted for the sick. 'Will this be any use to you?' another man said, coming up to a Sister in Ratcliff Highway and putting one-and-fourpence into her hand.

The customers at the docks really value good cookery and careful serving of food, 'The soup is always very good,' was one remark, 'but it's extra to-day, Sister. I expect the lady gave it a good stirring.' 'Sister, this steak-pudding is capital,' said another customer. 'Only one fault-I think it's too highly seasoned; I can take things as peppery as most, but it seems to me the seasoning all gets into one place; the pepper and salt are not thoroughly mixed-if they were, the men would buy them hand over fist.' 'Thank you for telling me; I'll see to the seasoning of them to-morrow,' said Sister. The result was satisfactory, for the man came up after finishing his pudding to say it could not have been better. 'I should like to come to the Restaurant,' he added, 'every day instead of the trucks; everything is so nice and clean; only from twelve to half-past twelve it is so hot and crowded.' Having myself dined at the Workman's Restaurant, from which the trucks are sent out, I can testify to the excellence of the food and the admirable way in which it is served. Perhaps, amongst everything good, the porridge-and-milk was pre-eminently so. Here, in a large upper room, social evenings are given every Thursday to hundreds of men, ending with a service, conducted by the Sisters, for which any who wish it remain.

As I have said before, it is impossible to deal with individual cases at the 'Donna' truck, where about four hundred customers for halfpenny dinners have to be attended to during the hour from twelve to one. It is at the Night Refuge in Tenter Street, E.,

not ten minutes' walk from Aldgate Street Station, that cases are carefully sifted, and not only food and lodging given, but help to recover lost ground and to begin life afresh. The 150 hammocks. with just a leather coverlet, are eagerly sought for, and a reference is always required; the Sisters write about every single case to former employers, etc., and the ticket for seven nights at the Refuge depends on the answer. It is now open, and will accommodate 150 men, who, in addition to their night's lodging, will be supplied with supper and breakfast on payment of threepence.

Not long after the article on the 'Donna' in this Magazine appeared in January 1890, I received a letter from a gentleman quite unknown to me, saying that he desired to be at the charge of providing the guests at the Night Refuge with breakfast and supper for one day, and that he wished to know the day on which, though at a distance, he so entertained them. It is impossible to say what pleasure this kind thought and help gave at the Refuge.

It was open from November 4 to April 30 last winter, and sheltered altogether 4,356 men. It was full every night until April, when the average of men each night fell to about eighty. At the beginning of this winter a Sister wrote to me, 'Men are anxiously asking when the Refuge is to be opened. One poor man who was in regular work at the docks before the strikewell known to the Sisters who served at the food-truck-came into the Restaurant a few weeks ago. He said times had changed with him: before the strike he managed to get along and could have a dinner from the truck every day; now things were very different, and he was afraid he should have to go into the workhouse. He seemed to think if he had a few nights' shelter at the Refuge he would stand a better chance of getting work, for he felt so weak and down after wandering in the streets all night.'

None could tell more of the ups and downs of life than some of our poor friends who come from the 'Donna' to the Night Refuge. Many of them have been tolerably high in the social scale, and I only wish that those who say it is always the fault of such if they 'come down with a run' could know the 'ower true' tales of these poor fellows. It is a delicate matter to inquire into their sorrowful past, especially as the Sisters have not always the means to give them a new start; but something can be done when their character and willingness to work is definitely ascertained by writing to former employers or new friends anxious to help the unemployed; and in this way many desponding men have been enabled to begin life again under happier auspices,

The Night Refuge has grown out of the work at the 'Donna,' where men who must otherwise be on the streets all night hear of it from others. Long before six o'clock, when the doors open, there is a silent crowd of men waiting and longing to be let in; they tell us there is little chance of their being taken on at the docks in the afternoon, and it is a sort of comfort to stand near the Refuge door, and to think of the warmth and welcome awaiting them—a roaring fire to cheer them, and books and papers, besides supper.

'We're used to waiting, ma'am,' one in this crowd said to a lady visitor who arrived before the doors were open. 'It's the way we spends most of our time. We waits for hours at the dock gates, till there ain't a chance of work, then we comes and waits here till that door's opened, and them as can't get in tramps off to spend the night in the streets, and waits again for daylight. Some of these chaps have been here since afore two o'clock, and a lot of them will find there's no room after all.'

'We're used to waiting!' What a sense of bitter trial is conveyed to our minds by these words! Work may be hard and wearying—still there is the feeling of gaining by it, as well as the satisfaction of employment. But the almost hopeless waiting in idleness! What must not the strain be on a man's heart and nerves and moral condition, to say nothing of bodily privation! There may be vagrants who prefer the chance of casual labour with high wages to steady, constant work, or who have lost the latter by their own fault. I know by my own personal knowledge that this is not the case with hundreds of those who are reduced to come for food to the 'Donna'—for shelter to the 'Friend in Need.' I have seen the carefully kept register at the latter of answers from former employers, and know how well men have responded to permanent help.

Supper—a pint of pea-soup and a quarter of a loaf—the great event of the evening, is now given at half-past seven instead of nine o'clock as last year. 'The truth is, ma'am,' the caretaker (an ex-policeman) says, 'that the poor chaps didn't know how to wait for it. After standing about or tramping all day without a bit of food, they are like a lot of wolves when they gets here. They didn't complain, but I could see by their faces what they was thinkin', and it didn't seem any use to keep 'em longer than need be. They get their soup and bread now in good time, and it puts a bit of life into 'em, so that some of 'em can sit down

and enjoy a newspaper or a game at draughts. You look at 'em, ma'am.'

Thus invited, we peeped into the kitchen. The basins had all been cleared away, and the men had a comfortable hour to spend as they chose. Some were busy with illustrated papers; not a few had curled themselves on the benches and gone to sleep, worn out with fatigue. Others were very willing to talk, and it was astonishing to find so many intelligent men of good education among them.

'Rare good stuff,' they remark, as their supper is set before them.
'Better than skilly by a good sight.' A lady gave them an extra treat one day last winter in honour of her birthday—a saveloy all round, in addition to their usual fare. 'How they did enjoy it!' the Sister says. 'And now we have had a delightful anonymous gift—ninety-five cigars; and, as we had another small parcel of them sent before, we shall be able to deal them round. There is nothing the men like better than a smoke. It seems to console them.'

About nine o'clock a murmur goes round the room, 'Sister's come for prayers.' The service is very short, very simple, and very hearty; the singing wonderfully good, the men's voices sounding even grand in 'O God, our help in ages past.' On Sundays the men have tea and bread-and-butter for breakfast instead of cocoa and bread, and are allowed to remain all day at the Refuge; a dinner of meat-pies is given to them, and a short service is also held for their benefit. It seemed hardly likely they would care to show their ragged clothes in church, poor fellows; but one Sunday the Bible-reader from the parish church paid a visit to the Refuge just as the bells were beginning to ring, cordially asking the men to come to church. Forty-five responded to the call.

Many old soldiers are amongst the customers at the 'Donna,' and are received at the Refuge. One poor man was sitting in a quiet corner, with head bent down, but a lady's greeting roused him, and he made an unmistakably military salute. 'I am afraid you are ill,' she said. 'Yes, ma'am—ill, indeed,' he answered, 'and not used to rough it, worse luck. I'm a soldier, and was invalided home after twelve years in India. The day after I landed I was so ill that they took me to hospital, and there I've lain ever since. I came out this afternoon, and should have had to spend the night out of doors if I hadn't heard of this place; a night out would have killed me. Now I've come to the "Friend

in Need," until I'm a bit more able to work. Mine was a cavalry regiment, and I can show my discharge. What would suit me best now would be a coachman's place.'

Not long after, this man came to one of the food depôts, looking so much brighter that the Sister said to him, 'I am sure you have had some good news.' 'Yes, ma'am,' he replied; 'I did not like telling you before that I had had the chance to save my colonel's life in action' (I think, in Egypt). 'He has been very ill, but now I have heard from him; he is coming home, and has written to engage me as his own servant, and I hope never to be like this again. The Refuge seemed meant to save me, for it took me in twice when a night out would have been just death to me.' It was a great joy to the Sister to know that one of their poor guests at least was out of trouble, and 'set upon his feet.'

A young fisher-lad, under the age at which Refuge guests are admitted, had pleaded so earnestly, with tears running down his cheeks, that it was impossible to refuse him.

'I don't know a soul in London, and I haven't a penny,' he said. He belongs to the Deep Sea Fisheries, fell ill of rheumatic fever while his vessel was in port, and was taken to Guy's Hospital, from which he was discharged, and had spent four nights in the street, before he came to the Refuge.

'In a few days my ship'll be in, and then I shall go on board,

and it'll be all right,' he said cheerfully.

'Mine is fine work, you see, ma'am, army accoutrement work, and wants special tools,' another poor guest at the Refuge tells us. 'I make soldiers' belts, and carbine rests. Ours is not a bad trade by any means; the worst of it is that it has its seasons. Now's the time for me to get a place, and I could get one—I've the promise of it—if I had the tools; in our business each workman provides his own tools. I want pinchers, and clams, and a stabbing-awl and flax and hemp. A few shillings would set me afloat again, but they're out of my reach.'

'I was a hotel porter,' one whose looks told plainly of consumption said to us; 'and often when I'd heavy boxes to carry upstairs it 'ud throw me into a perspiration, and then I'd have to go out, perhaps, and would catch a bad cold. At last I was laid up with lung disease. I'd some money in the bank then; but it soon melted away, and at last I found myself better, but without a situation, and too weak to work. The doctor said to me: 'You've a chance now, my man, but only if you take great care;

the least exertion may make the hæmorrhage come on again, and then it'll be a bad job with you." Then he nodded to me and turned to the next patient, and I went away. That night I spent in the street, ma'am. I daren't sit down for fear of catching cold, so I walked till I was pretty near falling down with fatigue. All of a sudden everything seemed swimming round me, and I felt myself getting deadly faint. "It's my last hour come," I thought to myself; and I'd just strength to get as far as the next lamp-post and lean up against it. The next thing I was conscious of was that a policeman was bending over me: he'd got me on to a bench, and was looking hard at me. After a bit I was able to speak, and to answer his questions. I told him I was faint from weakness, being only just recovered from an illness. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a shilling, which he gave me. "My poor chap," he said, "I only wish I'd more to give you." Then he told me of your Refuge, ma'am. It was too late to go there then, but I tried another night. There was a dense crowd round the door, and I turned sick at the thought of having to wait and push my way in. After a few more nights out, I began to feel so tired out that I came here again, and this time, you see, I've got in, and right glad I am to find it's a quiet, decent place like this, where a man can rest and have a bit of peace. Food? No, I've had none to-day, nor yesterday neither, though the doctor did say I was to have everything that's nourishing.'

After supper this poor fellow looked a little less ghastly, and he seemed to like to talk.

'A bit of sympathy seems to cheer one up,' he said, smiling. 'I had a good mother once, ma'am, and many's the time I've thought of her as I tramped the streets. It seemed hard to lose her, but I'm glad now that she didn't live to see me like this. It would have pretty nigh broken her heart, ma'am; she couldn't bear to see even strangers suffering. When I was quite a small child, I remember how she'd often stop and give me a penny to give to some poor beggar we'd seen in the road. My mother taught me to pray too, ma'am, and I can honestly say that I've never missed saying my prayers night and morning, though I've had to say them in odd places lately.

'It's hard to guess what is to become of me now; I daren't think of it too much. I can't take to hotel work now, for I haven't the strength for it. A waiter's place in a private family would suit me best, and I've done that kind of work before, and

have plenty of good testimonials, but my shabby clothes are against me.'

'I have known him for many years, and could trust him with untold gold,' was the answer from a referee as to one of our men. 'He has been apprenticed in Gray's Inn; he worked there till the lock-out, and has worked with me at C—— for sixteen years.'

'I know W. F. well,' another referee writes; 'he formerly occupied a good position, and is a thoroughly honest man, but is in an enfeebled state of health.'

Others write: 'What R. M. told you is quite true. He is quite respectable and strictly honest.' 'J. C. is worthy of any assistance you can give him.' Hundreds of such letters could be given.

But there is another class of customers at the 'Donna' and guests at the Night Refuge who have fallen into the ranks of casual labourers through their own fault, but who find help to retrieve the past. Amongst these was F——, whose face wore an expression of such deep gloom that it was impossible not to make some attempt to get a talk with him. A few kind words brought a softer look into his eyes, and at last the Sister said, 'You look very unhappy; is it any trouble you could talk about?'

Then poor F—— burst out: 'Trouble! I'm ruined, that's all! Ruined body and soul, and all through my own fault!' He made a gesture of despair, but presently went on: 'It's drink that's done it. I don't care to make any secret of it; it's done for me, and there's no use my tryin' for work any more.'

This was the first of many conversations with poor F——. Before his time at the Refuge was over he received an offer of work from the captain of a vessel, and set out with fresh heart and many earnest resolutions of amendment. We must hope that they will be kept, and that he may yet do well.

Some of the most deserving men have been helped by the loan of clothes, in which to go and seek for work. 'It pulls a man back to be so unlucky as I have been; my clothes are all against me now,' said an engraver, who was a pupil at the Kensington School of Fine Art, and whose late master gave him an excellent character. He looked down with a sigh at his poor ragged boots, which showed a good deal of bare foot. 'I have walked about to every large town in the south of England, but I found no work, except for a short time at Brighton. I am obliged to you for taking me in here,' he added gratefully; 'it's the first time I have come to this; now I can go to look for work, and feel sure of a night's lodging and a supper and breakfast.'

I've gone down—down! and now I don't know that I shall ever pick up again,' another respectable man exclaimed. 'I don't feel I've the spirit or strength left to work, and my

clothes are against me-look at them !'

This is the frequent hindrance to getting work. 'My clothes are so shabby, and one must look tidy in my line of business,' said one man, whose last situation was at the Civil Service Stores, and who had been obliged to leave it from illness. A gift of a coat and trousers enabled another poor fellow to obtain a good post; and he left the Refuge in great spirits, after several months of enforced idleness. Two others were also helped to clothes—a diamond-setter and a jeweller. Both were hoping for jobs before Christmas, but could not appear behind the counter in ragged coats, literally green and yellow with age. One is not surprised when they say, 'You see, employers look at one's clothes, and say, "I couldn't take you in that state." 'Our looks are against us,' they add ruefully, and it is only too true.

Amongst the guests at the Refuge one evening was a hair-dresser, and a lady visitor could hardly help laughing (though she had been nearer crying for some time) when she saw him bring out a carefully treasured pair of scissors, and at the earnest entreaty of several men, proceed to trim their beards or cut their hair; indeed, he was in such request, and looked so pale and tired all the time, that the lady felt quite sorry for him.

'I should not have thought they would have so much regard

for their personal appearance,' she said to the caretaker.

He smiled and said, 'A man has more chance of finding employment, you see, ma'am, if he looks a tidy sort of chap. It is not so easy to keep even clean when they've been out of doors night after night. They all values the wash they get here afore going out of a morning, and I've known them say they've spent their last farthing on a bit of soap rather than buy bread with it.'

'It is simply impossible to say how deeply grateful we are for parcels of cast-off clothing lately sent,' the Sister-in-charge writes. 'Several times comforters have been sent to be distributed among our unemployed, and I only wish the donors could have been present when they were given; certainly they would have been touched by the gratitude shown. On one occasion we noticed them holding the "woollies" up to their faces, as if it were a new and pleasant sensation to touch anything soft and warm. A man then stood up and said: "Please, Sister, thank the lady, from the bottom of our hearts." Another added: "May

God bless her for thinking of us." And a third, a poor white, hollow-cheeked man, said, "She's pretty nigh saved some of us

from dying, bless her."'

Old clothing and boots for men are invaluable. Only last week two poor fellows came, literally in rags. Their references were so good, and they seemed so deserving of help, that we gave them each a complete suit of clothes, and both have now obtained employment as clerks. Gifts of this kind can be sent direct to 'The Sister-in-Charge, 42A Dock Street, London Dock, E.C.'

I must not omit a few words concerning the workroom in Cannon Street for the wives of the unemployed. Women are not allowed to come to the 'Donna,' but they often support their unemployed husbands by the opening for industry given in Cannon Street. The workroom, closed during the summer, was re-opened in October, but, owing to the lack of funds only twenty-five could be taken on again. It was a terrible blow to some of the less fortunate women: they could not understand why they were not to come. 'Sister, have I done anything wrong that I am not to come back? I always tried to do my work well and to give satisfaction, and I have looked forward so to it-it always came in so handy for my rent.' 'Oh, sister,' said another, 'I am a widow and have nothing to depend upon; do ask if I may come back.' These are only two instances out of two or three dozen. From fifty to seventy women could be employed if the money were forthcoming.

Very thankful and grateful are the few who have returned to their work. 'This workroom is a blessing to us, Sister,' said one; 'I am thankful to get back again; we have missed it dreadfully these weeks; I never knew how much it was to me till I was

deprived of it.'

'It's quite true,' chimed in another; 'nobody takes no account

of their mercies till they lose them.'

'That's true, Mrs. B.; I missed this, and counted the weeks to coming back. I felt so overjoyed at the thought of to-day I couldn't sleep all night.' No one could doubt their gratitude who looked in upon them half-an-hour after, when settled at their work, every woman as intent upon what she was doing as though very important issues were involved—which certainly is the case with most of them, as it simply means a winter either in their own room or the workhouse. They keep their silence rule well, and are equally glad to listen to a story which one of the visitors reads, or any remarks which may be made on their work when it

is looked at, as it very often is during the afternoon. Some work very well indeed, and others have made wonderful progress since the workroom started; but each one does her very best, and all

understand that no slipshod work could be allowed.

The Sisters received a most pathetic letter from an old woman, asking to be taken on again at the workroom, and stating that the money she would earn there was all she had to depend upon this winter. A Sister was sent to her to try to persuade her to go into the infirmary, as she could not possibly exist on the two days' pay she would receive for needlework; and to tell her that the workroom was intended to help those who had a little to fall back upon, and keep them from starving during the winter months. The Sister felt she had a most difficult task to perform, and quite expected an outburst of grief at the beginning; but no—the old woman listened quite cheerfully to the end.

'Then that just makes it right, Sister, as I've had my rent

promised,' she replied.

'Whatever did you mean by writing and telling us that you

had nothing in the world to depend upon?'

'More I had when I wrote that, but my son-in-law has promised to send me it every Monday—that's my daughter that died five years ago's husband. I haven't spoke to him since she died till yesterday. I don't consider he behaved over well to her; but Mrs. J. came in here the day before yesterday and brought with her some beautiful poetry he has just wrote about my daughter, and got it printed too, and it says what a good wife she was to him, and how he'll never find her equal. So I just thought I'd go over the water and see him, for he might perhaps do something for me, for a fair slave I'd been to him when she was ill; and he was glad to see me, paid my fare, and is going to send me a shilling a week to pay the rent of this room. It's most beautiful poetry, Sister—you would like to read it, I know.'

'I am very pleased you are to have your rent paid for you, Mrs. S., and I will ask about the workroom for you; but I'm afraid you will be disappointed, because we have been obliged to reduce

the number considerably, as we have so little money.'

'But, Sister, you will do your best, won't you? I can't go to the workhouse: not one of my family has ever been there, and I don't want to be the first. When I was young we were in very good circumstances; my father rented a pew in a church.'

'Very well, Mrs. S., I will speak for you, but don't build upon

getting to the workroom.'

Four large bales of serge to make up, from an unknown reader of Longman's, greatly gladdened the hearts of these poor work-women.

The world is not unfeeling—not, at least, when the sorrow of others is brought home to it. May I be allowed to say, once more, how welcome visits to the 'Donna,' and to the Night Refuge would be from any who will give time to see for themselves the truth of what is written here. At the latter, especially, visits from gentlemen or ladies would be invaluable; probably not one such visit would be paid without some poor fellow being helped to make a fresh start in life. One whom I was fortunate enough to help in this way two years ago remains in the same situation ever since, a skilled workman, and most highly valued by his master.

The Sister-in-charge at 42A Dock Street would gladly meet and accompany any kind visitor to the Refuge. A journey to Aldgate Street by Underground, and ten minutes' walk through slums, so as to arrive at the Refuge by six o'clock, does not sound an inviting excursion for a winter's night. But will no one make it in order to try and help our shipwrecked brothers?

Perhaps some of the readers of this Magazine might like to join 'The Donna Knitting Society,' of which the one rule is very simple and easy:—'To send at least one woollen comforter, in knitting, crochet, or material, any time before Christmas each year to the Secretary.' The comfort and help through this Society, if widely spread, to the poor fellows at the Night Refuges would be invaluable:—the Sisters' knowledge of the men would enable them to distribute the 'woollies' wisely. All parcels should be sent to Miss Trench, Secretary D.K.S. Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk.

STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

It is fortunately possible this year to report that the 'Donna' has done distinctly less business than last year. The takings have been over 80*l*. less, which is a diminution of over 25 per cent. This is highly satisfactory, because, as Miss Trench points out, it corresponds with the diminution in the amount of casual labour employed at the Docks. It is much to be hoped that the Directors of the Docks will be able by degrees to abolish altogether the system of casual labour. In the meantime there is much encouragement to those who have so kindly supported the 'Donna' up to now to continue their assistance till the time, which may not be far distant, when it will no longer be required.

Statement of account 1889-90 appears on the following page.

DONNA ' ACCOUNTS, 1889-90.

18890

		5													9		~	
		160	Receipts.					H	8. 0	a.		Empenses.			9		ė	
Cash in hand										6 1889	_	Cost of food	•	•	40	2	9	
November .									15	0	_	Wages, 3l., cooking expenses, 5l.	•	•	00	0	0	
December									19	- 6	-	Fares	•	•	0	60	0	
Tonnorv	,							98		Dec.		Cost of food			65	19	9	
February								3 5	16 10	_		Wayes. 37. cooking expenses, 57.			00		0	
March										1890		Fares			0	-	9	
march .										_	,	Cost of food		•	7	-	0	
april			0					,	0	l Jan		ish of 100d		•	100		1	
May									2			wages, 34. 158., cooking expenses, 64. cs.		•	2	0	0	
June								12	20	9	-	Fares		•	0	27	0	
July								==	10	4 Feb.		Cost of food		•	39	13	00	
Angust								10	11	tc.	•	Wages, 37. cooking expenses, 57.			00	0	0	
Sontambor								19		9 March	_	Cost of food			37	23	10	
October .			0					06		000		Wares 31 cooking expenses 51			00			
	*							3	0 0	-		ages of the course of the cour	•			0	-	
Subscriptions								210		-		rares			000	9 .	9	
										April		Cost of food		•	33	-	2	
												Wages, 3l. 15s., cooking expenses, 6l. 5s.	8.		10	0	0	
												Repairing barrow, 10s. basins, 2s.			0	12	0	
										May		Cost of food			23	16	67	
												Wages 27 acching expanses 57			ox		0	
										Trees	•	ages, se, cooking capenses, se,	•		0.4	-	0	
										June		Cost of 100d		•	40	1	0	
										_		Wages, 3%, cooking expenses, 5%.		•	20	0	0	
										_		Spoons		•	0	67	0	
										July		Cost of food		•	21	ಣ	0	
												Wages, 37. cooking expenses, 57.	٠	•	00	0	0	
										Anor		Post of food			60	00	0	
										0		and 1 1 to opposing agreement 61 K		•	10	0	0	
										2		Wages, 56. 15s., COOKING Expenses, 66. 5s.		•	20	2	0	
										sept.		COST OI 1000, 246, 158, 66., Dasins, 28.	•	•	40			
												ages, 3l., cooking expenses, 5l.	٠	•	90	0	0	
										Oct.		Cost of food		•	41	77	9	
										_		Wages, 37, 15s., cooking expenses, 61, 5s.		•	10	0	0	
												Balance in hand .			73	7	90	
							. 0		1	4					-			
				4		4	¥	£587 10 11	0 1	_				•	£287 10 11	10	=	
Received for the	Nioh	t. Re	non	30	14	7				1				+1			1	
Work Rooms	Work	Roc	ms	12	18	. 9				_								
and naid to the Sisters	Sist.	STA				-				_								
										_								

nd pand to the Sister

At the Sign of the Ship.1

Mr. Bridges's Poems.

IN the autumn of 1873 was published, by Mr. Pickering, a volume of verse by Robert Bridges, a prettily printed volume in pale blue cloth. It contained many charming lyrics, and other pieces of less equal merit. The author appears to have been dissatisfied with the collection, perhaps with the medley in the collection, for he withdrew it from circulation. In 1879 and 1880 he put forth two or three slim pamphlets of poetry, which are now quite introuvables, and a volume of sonnets, 'The Growth of Love,' whereof but very few examples were printed. A small edition of the lyrics was also printed at the private press and by the hands of Mr. Daniel, of Worcester. A play, 'Prometheus the Fire-bearer,' and 'Psyche,' a tale in verse, were published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. The other poems of Mr. Bridges are plays, in quarto form, with paper wrappers, and in double columns; these are Nero (the first part), Palicio, a play of Sicily in the early Renaissance, the Return of Ulysses, the Christian Captives, the Achilles in Scyros, all published by Mr. Bumpus, at Holborn Bars. Mr. Daniel has also put forth Mr. Bridges's Feast of Bacchus, after Menander; the work is out of print. little bibliographical notice is merely intended to show that the poet has not been idle between 1873 and 1890, when his Shorter Poems (G. Bell & Sons) are at last within the reach of all readers. I own to sharing Edgar Poe's preference for poems which are short, for lyrics, in fact. To few has it been given to write readable dramas. Mr. Bridges's Prometheus is readable, and, by virtue of the beauty and originality of its blank verse and of its choruses, is delightful to all who enjoy what is, to be sure, an artificial and erudite form of composition; the modern imitation

 $^{^1}$ It is intended to publish this year, in the Sign of the Ship, critical studies as well as short notes.

of the Greek play. Of all such imitations only Mr. Swinburne's Atalanta really lives in the hearts of many readers, and to live thus, after all, is the test of poetry. An author may scorn the public as much as he pleases, but the public never scorns nor deserts, in the long run, what is truly human and truly excellent. The merit of Atalanta is, not its imitation of a model, however noble, but its fire, its passion, the sonorous music of its choruses, the grandeur of its blank verse; its audacious facing of the Gods and Fate. It is, in short, much less Greek than the author's own Erechtheus, Mr. Arnold's Merope, Mr. Bridges's Prometheus, but it is infinitely more rich in life than any of those. We read, admire, and to some extent forget them; we never forget Atalanta. Of Mr. Bridges's other plays, I speak as one not dramatically minded. Nero is my favourite: so vigorous and subtle is the picture of the beautiful human tiger, the artist Emperor, the greatest of all decadents. But of Nero the author has only given us the first part: the conclusion, with the murder of Agrippina, still leaves Nero in mid-career. Palicio might act well, and is dramatic enough; the Return of Ulysses, of course, can add scarce a beauty to the plain and perfect tale of Homer. Achilles in Scyros ends thus: (I stop before the very last words) with a passage rich in Mr. Bridges's own philosophy, admirably expressed.

> Lyc. What said the oracle? It darkly boded ACH. That glory should be death. And so may be: Nay, very like. Yet men who would live well, Weigh not these riddles, but unfold their life From day to day. Do thou as seemest best, Nor fear mysterious warnings of the powers, But, if my voice can reckon with thee at all. I'll tell thee what myself I have grown to think: That the best life is oft inglorious. Since the perfecting of ourselves, which seems Our noblest task, may closelier be pursued Away from camps and cities and the mart Of men, where fame, as it is called, is won, By strife, ambition, competition, fashion, Ay, and the prattle of wit, the deadliest foe To sober holiness, which, as I think, Loves quiet homes, where nature laps us round With musical silence and the happy sights That never fret; and day by day the spirit

Pastures in liberty, with a wide range Of peaceful meditation, undisturbed. All which can Seyros offer if thou wilt.—

UL. This speech is idle, thou art bound to me. Ach. I hear you all: and lest it should be said I once was harsh and heedless, where such wrong Were worse than cowardice, I now recall Whate'er I have said. I will not forth to Troy: I will abide in Scyros, and o'erlook The farms and vineyards, and be lessoned well In government of arts, and spend my life In love and ease, and whosoever else Our good king here hath praised—I will do this If my bride bid me. Let her choose for me; Her word shall rule me. If she set our pleasure Above my honour, I will call that duty, And make it honourable, and so do well. But, as I know her, if she bid me go Where fate and danger call; then I will go, And so do better: and very sure it is, Pleasure is not for him who pleasure serves. DEID. Achilles, son of Thetis! As I love thee, I say, go forth to Troy.

This is exquisitely written, but I have an attachment, perhaps pedantic, to the classical story in its classical shape, with no brief wedding of a week, but the

λάθρια Πηλειδαο φιλάματα, λάθριον εὐνάν.

⁶ The secret kisses of Peleus' son, the secret bed of love,' as in the fragment of Bion. Why should we put modern ideas into Homeric lips? Modern thought and sentiment are better expressed in confessedly modern verses, as in Mr. Bridges's Shorter Poems.

These are truly delightful. The poet is not all modern, his philosophy, his life of study of the best books, of friendship, of pleasure in Nature, is as old as Horace, though far more grave than the Horatian ideal. His verse is touched with many memories of Milton, of the Elizabethan and Jacobean lyrists, but the voice is always his own. His poetry is English in the oest sense, inspired by love of the 'stately and wimpling' waters of England, of her meadows, her elms, her rose-gardens. Here are two verses from *Elegy*, which seem to me as exquisite in composition, and as original, as any in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems:—

The wood is bare, a river mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves.
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves:

That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten, Miry and matted in the soaking wet, Forgotten with the spring that is forgotten By them that can forget.

The two last exquisite lines are an improvement on those in the original version of 1873.

One is tempted to make many quotations, to give the whole of the delightful song, 'I heard a linnet courting;' but, perhaps, 'I will not let thee go,' with a sentiment akin to that of Drayton's famous sonnet, is perhaps more truly representative of the poet.

I will not let thee go.

Ends all our month-long love in this?

Can it be summed up so,

Quit in a single kiss?

I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.

Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

'Long are the hours the sun is above' is a more tragic and solemn record of a sentiment like that of Thackeray's Cane-bottomed Chair.

Mr. Bridges's 'Elegy, on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed,' seems to me written of the elegiac Muse of the last century, when she touched the lips of Collins.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown:
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain
Her dearer friends provided: sere and brown
Bring out the festal crown,
And set it on her forehead lightly:
Though it be withered, twine no wreath again;
This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold,
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long,
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,
While her attendants, chosen from among
Her faithful virgin throng,
May lay her in her cedar litter,
Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be
Not without music, nor with these alone;
But let the viol lead the melody,
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan
Of sinking semitone;
And, all in choir, the virgin voices
Rest not from singing in skilled harmony
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white, And let the dark stoled minstrels follow slow, Next they that bear her, honoured on this night,
And then the maidens, in a double row,
Each singing soft and low,
And each on high a torch upstaying:
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,
With music, and with singing, and with praying.

A few of the poems are written in what the author, in 'his original pamphlet, called a new prosody.

From these, as an example rich in charming pictures, let us

choose 'London Snow.'

When men were all asleep the snow came flying, In large white flakes falling on the city brown, Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying, Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town; Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing; Lazily and incessantly floating down and down: Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing; Hiding difference, making unevenness even, Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing. All night it fell, and when full inches seven It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness, Its clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven; And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare: The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air; No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling, And the busy morning cries came thin and spare. Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling, They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-balling;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees;
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,
'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!'
With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,
Following along the white deserted way,

A country company long dispersed asunder:

When now already the sun, in pale display Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow; And trains of sombre men, past tale of number; Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go: But even for them awhile no cares encumber Their minds diverted; the daily word unspoken,
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm
they have broken.

Surely this is a new voice, and a voice to be noted and listened to with gladness, now that so many which charmed us are silent, or rather—for Browning and Matthew Arnold can never be silent—now that they give us no new music. None of them, not the Scholar Gipsy himself, has sung more sweetly of Thames, more in the melody of the River, than Mr. Bridges does here; we only give a fragment of the piece:

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place

Their thick tops interlace,

And pendant branches trail their foliage fine Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows: His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade, Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.

His winter floods lay bare The stout roots in the air:

His summer streams are cool, when they have played Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower, And hides it from the meadow, where in peace The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower, Robbing the golden market of the bees:

And laden barges float By banks of myosote;

And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass

The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,

And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;

Where spreading crowfoot mars

The drowning nenuphars,

Waving the tassels of her silken grass Below her silver stars. It were scarcely fair to quote much more at length. Mr. Bridges, in a moment of optimism, says—

I praise my days for all they bring, Yet only are they not enough.

We praise him, too, for all he brings, 'yet is it only not enough.' If any one, in melancholy and darkening hours, is revolted by the optimism, let him take it but as one moment, one mood of a mind which faces the dark and the doubts, 'Ah, little at best can all our hopes avail us'—which faces them, and does not deny their existence.

Oh youth, oh strength, oh most divine,
For that so short ye prove;
Were but your rare gifts longer mine,
Ye scarce would win my love.

Again:

My spirit was sad when I was young
Ah, sorrowful long ago,
But since I have found the beauty of joy,
I have done with proud dismay:
For howsoe'er man hug his care,
The best of his art is gay.

Gaiety is not so much the mark of the poems as the resolute happiness of a courageous spirit. The example is good, however we may fail to follow it; and the poems, it may be said, are all poetry, simple, sincere, and passionate.

One objection we may hazard to the material form of the book. It is too thin for its contents; there is too much on each page. Poems are best read when they are more liberally spaced out, when the eye is not disturbed by the sight of that which it has just left, nor hurried on by the temptation of that which is to follow.

Mr. Bridges's verse is not likely to be extremely popular. His is too austere a Muse, his thought too condensed; his personality, as it were, too exclusive and commanding, as displayed in his verses. To some extent he reminds one of Andrew Marvell, and again, in places, of Landor. But there is much in his work, especially in his songs, which cannot but win every one who really cares for poetry at all, while the devotees of poetry will make his whole volume a special treasure and favourite. His lyrics are not dramatic, he tells no story, as the most popular lyrics usually do. Judging from his learned and, as the old critics say, 'elegant'

tale of Psyche, one may doubt whether narrative poetry is an art in which he can excel. It is at present the rarest of all forms of verse, and only represented well by Mr. Morris's Life and Death of Jason, and some of the tales in The Earthly Paradise, tales which, I think, permit themselves to be read much more easily than Mr. Morris's romances in prose. As Partridge very wisely remarked, non omnia possumus omnes; but it is unlikely that any judge of verse will deny Mr. Bridges's powers in lyric, nor, after reading his Nero, in the drama. We cannot exactly say that in him we have a new poet, but it is certain that the world has at last a new chance of making acquaintance with a Muse which has too long been a recluse.

* *

We may be very much interested in literature, and yet not interested in the right way. An American critical paper has lately been asking authors, far and wide, to tell it what they are working at. Surely this is being interested in the wrong way, and spying at 'half-done work.' This is mere indolent curiosity. The people who will read a paragraph about work that is a-doing, will probably never glance at it when it is done. There is a Boston journal called The Author, wherein one reads that one has reviewed a novel one never even heard of; and that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is believed not to be Mr. Bruce, now at Duxbury, Mass. So much the worse for Mr. Kipling; he could not be pirated if he were Mr. Bruce of Duxbury, Mass. Also, one learns that Mrs. Eudora S. Bumstead lives at Beatrice, Neb., and that General Lew Wallace writes 'a small neat hand,' whereas Mr. Ibsen does not do so, and Mrs. Ibsen has to copy his books out; and that Mr. Gladstone makes marginalia on all his books, which is more interesting. Moreover, we are informed that Kirk Munroe, 'the interesting juvenile writer, is passing the winter at Cambridge,' which makes one marvel how young Mr. Munroe is, and that Arloe Bates will return to his editorial chair, and that Murat Halstead has a dozen pencils sharpened for him day by day, and that the Queen of Roumania lights her own lamp (no vicarious pencil-sharpening for her Majesty), and that 'Edith Thomas writes her sonnets in the middle of a little square of paper,' not at the bottom, or on one margin, nor diagonally, but in the middle, and that a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette does not think Lord Tennyson's clothes fit well, and that 'May Agnes Fleming was born a blue-nose,' and that 'Hamilton Aide (sic) is one of the most remarkable men to be met with in London,' and that a young lady only makes 100l. a year 'for all her poetical work.' Some will say 'but that is poetry.' Others would like to read it first. All this is sehr interessant, is it not? and to know these things is to be literary after the manner of Cathos and Madelon, in Les Précieuses Ridicules.

* . *

If Shelley were unknown, were alive, and were to publish his 'Skylark' to-day, one can well imagine how it would be reviewed.

'Mr. Shelley, for a young poet, is singularly careless both in his rhyme and his reason, if one may call that reason which is a mere tissue of incongruous metaphors. He makes 'spirit' rhyme to 'near it,' and accents the penultimate in 'profuse' in his very first stanza. Next, his lark is 'like a cloud of fire,' a pyrotechnic simile which is justified neither by observation nor by common sense. A lark is no more like a 'cloud of fire' than like a turnip. This extraordinary fowl is next said to 'float and run,' 'in the golden lightning of the setting sun,' whatever that may mean. The lark is an early bird, he does not haunt sunset hours, and he does not 'run' like a red-legged partridge. Mr. Shelley's lark, which has been a cloud of fire, is next like 'a star of heaven in the broad daylight.' And why? Because, as Mr. Shelley informs us, 'Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy loud delight.' He cannot, we presume, hear a star's delight, so the simile is nonsense. He might as well say that a brass band round the corner is like a star of heaven because he can hear it, but cannot see it. Then the lark, which has just been like a star, because Mr. Shelley cannot see it (nor can we), is like the moon, because 'the heaven is overflowed' when 'night is bare.' 'What thou art we know not,' he observes, and by this time it is no wonder that he has forgotten what a lark is like, even in a lark-pudding. Then come a string of things, nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of thought'-or in the ink of this most random effusion,- 'a high-born maiden,' a glow-worm, a rose, and so forth. Mr. Shelley ends by saying that if he knew what a lark knows, 'harmonious madness from his lips would flow.' He can produce the madness already; it is only the harmony that Mr. Shelley needs to borrow from the bird. 'The world should listen then,' he adds. Perhaps it would listen then. We warn Mr. Shelley that it will not listen at present to this imitation of poetry, this sound without sense, in which 'gives' rhymes to 'leaves,' and 'known' to 'none.'

That would be the humour of it.

.

In Mr. Sully's article on the decline of the fidelity of the Dog (in Longman's Magazine, December) does he not take it for granted that the Dog is to have only one friend, his master? Would not this make him even a greater pest than he is at present? Would he not resemble that hound named Crab, of whom the poet sings—

He barked at each and other,
He barked at all men born.
How gladly would we smother
A tyke so full of scorn!
He barked by day and night, too,
As naughty dogs delight to,
Until his home was quite too
Forsaken and forlorn.

Why should not a dog retain his fidelity, and yet be kindly and courteous? I remember, when I was a boy and was walking home from the river, meeting a friendly shepherd's dog, who entered into conversation with me. 'Come here, Tweed, ye beast!' shouted the shepherd, and added, to a friend, 'you dowg'll speak to ony beggar.' Does Mr. Sully agree with the shepherd? The nicest dog I know never forgets a face. Two years since he met a gentleman once at dinner. In the following year, this gentleman was on the links, at St. Andrews, when he felt something touch his leg. He looked down, and there was Fingal, wagging his tail, and as good as remarking, 'I think, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. --- 's last year.' This was true politeness. Had the man been a more intimate friend, Fingal would have run round him with joyful barks. But all this did not prevent him from being faithful; he was also of a social and friendly turn. We ought not to bewail these courtesies in the dog; it is better to be welcomed than bitten and snarled at, in the manner of Crab.

It is not easy to be canonised, in the Church of Rome. Joan of Arc and Mary Queen of Scots still wait their turn. But, as M. Nyrop shows, in *Mélusine*, the French populace make saints more readily, by dint of false etymologies. Thus the Roman Sidremum produces *Saint Dremond*. The mediæval Suenci

becomes Saint-Cy. Santiniacum lends to Saint-Eny, and the old Centro is now Saint-Tron. The growth of a legend is curiously illustrated by a passage in the recently published Diary of Sir Walter Scott. In 1828 Scott records that he was annoyed by a lady, about whose father, Major Macpherson, he had published 'a raw head and bloody bones' story, in the Foreign Quarterly Review. On reading this I recognised the story of the Black Officer, which I heard last spring, at Loch Awe. The Black Officer, leading recruits to the Black Watch (the Forty-second), met the Devil. At the siege of Seringapatam he was taken up for dead, but recovered, came home, conversed with a Red Deer, met the Devil again, made a tryst with him, and, in company with twelve of his clan, disappeared utterly, not a bone of him was found. Of all this, in 1828, Scott only knew that the Major, with some attendants, was found dead in a bothy which a tempest had destroyed.

In 1810, Hogg, in the Spy, published a more complete version—meetings with a mysterious stranger, and the like. But none of the early part of the tale was given, nor was the Major said to have wholly disappeared. Was it that Scott and Hogg had not full information, or has the long and elaborate legend grown up since their day? The Devil was in it, as early as 1810, while the Major seems to have met his death in 1799, or in 1800. On the question of date, Scott and my informant differ, but only by six weeks. Perhaps this may meet the eye of some one who knows the legend at home, in the Macpherson country.

* . *

Here is the Chinese theory of photography, also from M. Gaidoz's paper, *Mélusine*, quoting 'Tour du Monde,' xxxi. p. 367:

'There is a big wooden box, in which the Foreign Devil places a pane of glass; then he looks at you through it, and tells you not to move. He then mutters prayers, looking at his watch, and it is all over.'

'No,' says another, 'he dips the glass in a medicine.'

'The drug must be distilled from human eyes,' cries a third theorist, 'and that's why the foreigners pick up our exposed children. You'll never make me believe that they are as disinterested as they say.'

And it seems that twenty Frenchmen and three Russians were

massacred by an intelligent Chinese mob, in 1870, on this very score. Well might Swift intend to have written a 'Modest Defence for the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.'

A lady offers the following variant of the Dissenting Minister and the Friendly Ghost:

'A Wesleyan friend tells me a Methodised variant of the "Traveller's Tale." Fifty years ago a minister of the connexion was instructed to make a collection for one of its objects in a circuit in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and to take the money himself to a bank in that city. Riding to Bristol with the money, his way led through a wood, at whose entry he experienced a sudden terror, which compelled him to alight from his horse, kneel down and pray fervently for protection. After the prayer the sense of danger passed away, and he mounted his horse, rode cheerfully through the wood, singing a hymn as he rode, reached Bristol, and rendered up his money and accounts.

'Some years afterwards he was sent for to the deathbed of a noted footpad and burglar in a slum of Bristol. He asked the man why he fixed on him as the only minister he would see. "Do you remember," said the man, "riding through a wood with a large sum of money in your keeping some years ago? I was there with a mate. We knew you had the money, and we meant to have it. We watched you stop, get off your horse, kneel down and pray before you came into the wood. We did not care about that. We heard you sing a hymn, but that was nothing to us. We saw you riding along the path, now in view, now hidden by the trees; but just when you came to the last clearing we saw another man on horseback join you, and the two of you passed close by us. We didn't care to tackle two of you, so we let you pass."

A. LANG.

The 'Donna,'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after December 7 will be acknowledged in the February number, All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Mrs. Courtney 1l. R. H. H. 10s. L. M. N. 5s. H. W. D. 20s. M. A. B. (Ryde) workroom, 5s. H. A. H. 10s. Dona 10s. H. H. Night Refuge 16s. Anon. Donna 1l. Night Refuge 1l. Miss Bradbury (Edinburgh) 2l. Mrs. Freer, Eastbourne 2l. also parcels of clothing from Holmerdale House, Reigate; per Windle & Co., Great Queen Street, W.C. and L. M. N. F. L. Reynolds-Reynolds (for the Refuge) 12l. 10s. 0d.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.